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## Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL moves to center in the annual Special Issue. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sports the top teams, picks Bill Bradley as best in the nation, analyzes zone defenses.

WW WITH ROOKIES? Not a chance, according to the old pros of football. This year's crop has proved them wrong, as demonstrated by pictures of the best youngsters in action.

A CHARMING WEASEL, the ferret, has almost vanished—a pity, writes Ed Gilbert, who favors the wiggly little hunters and recently visited their Ontario capital in Ohio.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



I have heard it said that the smart thing to do in this highly specialized world is to find what you can do best and stay with it. This is good enough advice, perhaps, for a dancing bear and for some men, but I doubt if many of the restless and interesting characters I have met in the pages of this magazine would buy it.

On page 80 of this issue we tell the story of another of these restless characters, a 58-year-old Mexican jumping bean named Pablo Bush Romero, who has been working in one deep, profitable rut for 44 years but has never lost the knack of jumping out of it whenever he gets the itch. In our 10 years of publishing we have encountered many men of ordinary livelihoods who, like Pablo Bush Romero, have restless souls and constantly ticking minds. I am not speaking here of screwballs and drifters, but of plain good actors who have the confidence to walk right off the stage, if the show bores them, and seek some other satisfaction. The men I have in mind are not all rich, but their worlds always are. I remember particularly that in the first year of this magazine we took what we thought was a last look at the sport of ballooning. There was only one U.S. balloon club going at the time; the sport was obviously dying, and we said goodbye to it tenderly and with love. But we failed to reckon with one of the pilots, a Fuller Brush salesman of modest means named Don Piccard. Today, thanks largely to Piccard, ballooning is making a comeback. It is a cheerful thing. I think, that such a spectacular and elegant old sport can be saved by what is usually considered to be the epitome of ordinariness, a Fuller Brush man.

Eight years ago Senior Editor Coles Phinizitold the story of a young French-American, Jacques Andrelstel, who quit his orthodox, gray-flanneled career on Wall Street to start the sport of sky diving in this country, because he felt that anything his native France did well, his adopted U.S. should do better. While some of the press saw sky diving as a nutty, passing fad, we became convinced that the sport would catch on because some fairly prosaic people were doing it (in addition to Istel, the first U.S. team was composed of a sign painter, a steeplejack, a carpenter, an auto mechanic, a sewing-machine repairman and an upholsterer). When Istel launched the sport in this country, the U.S. Army would not allow its paratroopers to compete. Two years later the Army was paying Istel to show them how to do it.

In 1955 the National Speleological Society explored the twisted 32 miles of Crystal Cave in Kentucky. One of the expedition leaders was an electrical engineer named Bill Austin. Since Austin was literally born in the mouth of a cave, he was merely groveling, so to speak, in his own birthright. But, in the years since, he has wandered far from his original Kentucky ruts. In 1958 Austin was on an International Geophysical Year expedition in Antarctica, and two years later we came across him again, testing a new-fangled, shallow-draft boat in the rapids of the Colorado. I don't know where Bill Austin is now, but it is my guess that he is out somewhere on a new trail, halfway between the known and the unknown, looking for an answer to something. Like Pablo Bush Romero.

## Sports Illustrated

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# SHOPWALK

Year-round sailors go to Joe Harris  
of San Francisco for their winter gear

The true-hearted sailor knows no season, least of all in San Francisco Bay. At any season the bay is likely to be gusty—loosely known as dusty—especially in the lee of its islands, peninsulas and other postcard landmarks, and brisk-weather sailing gear comes in handy. A place to buy it is the Joe Harris company, "specialists in yachting togs and accessories." It has been outfitting San Franciscans for the sea (and more recently the lakes and rivers) since 1885. What some people virtuously consider uniforms for Bay Area sailing are warm, well-tailored navy-blue woollens from Joe Harris. The company still does 65% of its business in uniforms for the merchant marine, Navy and Coast Guard and in supplies for the "shop chest" (like an Army PX or Navy ship's service), which every merchant vessel is required to



have. It tells woolen mills just what it will buy and then tells manufacturers how to make garments to Joe Harris specifications.

Joe Harris is popular with women sailors. This might startle the original Joe Harris, who died in 1933 at the age of 57, after becoming almost legendary. The very words "yachting togs" on his catalog probably would have embarrassed Joe, who started as a peddler. His father was a cobbler who mended seagoing boots. At 15, Joe was roaming the docks and wharves from ship to ship, looking for boots and shoes to shine—and was smart enough to tote along a sun-causeful of shoestrings, pencils, sailing caps,



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butions and thread. He finally set up shop in a little corner of a waterfront carpenterhouse, where the 1906 fire caught him. Improvising a corrugated tin shack on Drumm Street, he went right on selling dunnage, pilot coats and rubber boots. The new Joe Harris store opened on the Embarcadero later in 1906, moving just a salty whacker away in 1910 as business got bigger and Joe took in his three brothers as partners.

The Harris brothers kept a generation of seamen afloat, credit-worthy if they were seaworthy or were trying to be. Joe Harris collected an oceanful of friends and a portfolio of drinking companions—as well as drawers full of unpaid bills and a basement full of "stuff from all over the world" being stored until the Next Trip.

"The Panama Canal was hard on Joe Harris," says Bill Harris, Joe's son who now runs the business with his brother, Perry, and their cousin Mervyn. "Before that, nearly everybody sailing out of San Francisco wound up back here eventually. If a guy didn't pay, the rest of the crew would get on him and say, 'You got pay Joe Harris.' It was illegal to attack a seaman's wages, and it still is. But now most of them have BankAmericards."

In 1962, when the Skyway pushed the Joe Harris store clear off the Embarcadero and into its roomy, modern location at Second Street and Howard, it was a wrench for northern California yachtsmen. They had grown accustomed to the place. The store's sporting look had begun with the big, early California yachts bearing owner names like John D. Speckels, Tompkins Crocker and Hiram Johnson. Their crews were merchant mariners, so naturally they went to Joe Harris; so did the crews of eastern yachts that got into port.

These days anything that's over eight feet long and floats has to be registered in California. In 1963 there were more than 225,000 pleasure boats. Bay Area counties alone have some 50,000, with 50 clubs in the area's Pacific Inter-Club Boat Association (which had seven clubs in 1932). A lot of their crews and skippers rely on Joe Harris, too.

Old Joe Harris "never sailed out nothing," except as a pessenger. But he had a liberty ship named for him in 1944. The wheelhouse and bridge from his old Embarcadero store look grand—if useful—in the new place. And his Chart Room remains—a menagerie of waterfront camaraderie: two wardroom-type coffee, just bourbon and Scotch, where prosperous amateur yachtsmen are flattered to rub elbows with the president of the Sailors Union of the Pacific.

From San Francisco to Maine you can find Joe Harris functional sailing classics. The company does a large mail-order business. The men's Inland-Outer short (see *Illustration*) comes in navy, 16-ounce melton, button front and cuffs, zip breast pockets

(continued)

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(\$24.50, slacks cost \$22.50) The women's shirt, flannel only, is a copy of a chief petty officer's shirt, with button breast pockets, cuffs and front (\$22.50); ski sides are for wearing in and out. Women's navy sailing pants in melton or flannel are designed with a fly front or, in flannel only, with traditional nautical front buttoning (\$22.50).

Newer for after-sailing than the Marer (\$39.50), and also more rugged, is a men's fingerpick jacket of 16-ounce navy melton fully lined in matching rayon, with zip front and zip pockets (\$45).

For heavy weather there is Sportmaster's long-sleeved coat of water-repellent navy poplin or nylon, with Jen-el-line insulation—50% wool, 90% nylon—(\$35) and a detachable hood (\$6) or McGregor's Flute Coat (same price, same length, same color but lighter weight); a nylon shell with hanging sponge-plastic insulation.

Foul-weather gear comes from Canoe Plovers of Newbury, an almon grousemer shield of well-suit vinyl-coated light-pump cotton in high visibility yellow with all seams first sewed, then heat-welded, fastened with a combination of drawstrings, snaps, buttons and zippers (two-piece, women's \$23.95, men's \$24.95).

For gentler weather, afloat or ashore, Joe Harris has a charming short-sleeved shirt, patterned with charts of the Grenadine Islands, blue on pale blue or blue on white (\$4.50, patterned for men and women). Finishes with the yachting set are the combed cotton T-shirts in navy with white stripes for men (\$1.95) and navy and white or red and white for women, at the same price. These are worn with faded-blue-denim slacks (men's \$5.95 and \$6.95). Similar fly-front faded denims are designed for women by Fleischman (\$8.95) and are also available in navy and white duck. Women's knee pants are \$7.95.

Joe Harris carries the classic water-repellent and windproof nylon sailing parkas. Men's (\$14.95) come in red or navy. Women's are \$11.95 and are royal blue or yellow as well as red and navy. Both parkas feature hoods and drawstring waists for snug fit. Women's parkas are the pullover style, while men's have a zip front.

Safe footing afloat or ashore is assured by a line of Sperry shoes with antislip soles. These soles are attached in a variety of styles, including a canvas oxford in white, navy or red (\$9.95, men's or women's) and elk moc-casins (\$18.95, men's or women's).

Joe Harris also sells a rigging knife with steel blades and a locking marlin spike (\$7.95), and a knife kit with plier tool combining a wrench and screwdriver added (\$11.95). The company will provide almost anything on special order. Right now the Joe Harris company is making up a burgee for a yacht club on Long Island.

—LARRY JOHNSON

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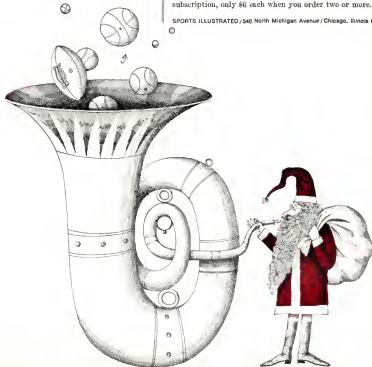
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# SCORECARD

## LET THEM BEGIN SLOWLY

Put a young man on an arbitrary line and urge him to clobber another young man on the opposite side and there will be bloody noses, cut lips and twisted ankles. Football is a tough game and, partly for that reason, a good one. But when youngmen and boys are killed playing football—in a much greater number than in other contact sports—one must question its values. The 1964 football season is coming close to being the most fatality-ridden in the game's history. So far this year 24 youths have died.

As always, advocates and antagonists will study the figures and come to conclusions ranging from the inadequacy of equipment to the thesis that football is monstrous in its very conception.

We hold with neither theory. But one set of statistics fairly jumps from the page and demands an answer. On the college and professional level, where the players are bigger and faster and impact is greatest, deaths are relatively uncommon—three this season among 300,000. It is on the high school gridirons that football becomes lethal. That teen-agers should be encouraged to play a game in which some may die (21 this year up to now) is indefensible.

We suggest that age 15 is too young for football as the high schools now play it in premature imitation of the collegians and the pros. The fully developed muscle and bone structure of a well-conditioned grown man can tolerate far more than the baby fat and immature skeleton of a high school sophomore. And the high school player is seldom in as good condition as his elders.

There are ways to prepare boys for the rigors of adult football without exposing them to it in its entirety. Common decency and a proper regard for the values of sport demand drastic modification of the high school game.

## DONNA'S DECISIVE DUNK

The secret of Donna de Varona's Olympic victory in the 400-meter individual medley swim may lie in a tale she told last week.

As a tension-reliever and to reduce the shock of sudden transition from air to water at the start of a race, most swimmers like to dunk themselves before mounting the starting box. Donna is no exception. But Olympic rules forbid jumping into the pool immediately before a race.

"I stood on the starting box awaiting the gun and feeling uncomfortable," Donna related, "and I said to myself, 'De Varona, you haven't been diving for seven years just to be beaten.' So just as the starter raised his gun I jumped in. That intentional false start gave me the bath I needed. After that, I just knew I had to win."

It's known as swimmership.

## EFFETE RIVALRY

Since 1884 100 games of football have been played between Lafayette College and Lehigh University, which is the most times two colleges have met on the gridiron. (In the old days they used to play two and three times a season.) The game played last Saturday, which ended in a 6-6 tie, was memorable only because it was the 100th, but there were old grads in the stands who recalled not the Game of '98 but the Riot of '02, the Pregame Riot of '33, the Brawl of '48, and the Snowball Fight of '55. The 1964 game was pretty quiet—Lehigh's flagpole was painted a Lafayette maroon and the Lafayette leopard statue was painted a Lehigh brown, but not much else of interest happened.

Push-tush. One year, they say, Lehigh students burned down the Lafayette library. And there was another year that Sam Harleman, Lehigh '01, remembered. "We played two games at Lafayette," he said. "That meant two fights. It got kind of rough." Just how rough may be judged by the legend of Tom Keady, who coached Lehigh from 1912 to 1920. A big man, he was a quiet one, too, and therefore considered weak on the pep talks that preceded each game. Ah, but before one game, the story goes, he evoked the proper mental attitude by silently choking a leopard to death and

throwing the carcass of the beast at the feet of his players.

He did it, a Lafayette follower said, "to appeal to their intelligence."

## BACHELORS OF BANKO, CUM LAUDE

When Britain's betting and gaming act went into operation in 1961, permitting the establishment of betting shops the length and breadth of the land, bookmakers had difficulty finding clerks trained to handle the action. But in time this was solved by the London School of Turf Accountancy, founded 18 months ago by Liam Cavanagh, son of an Irish bookmaker.

The school offers four courses. They range from the simplest, for telephone operators and counter clerks, to the most advanced, ominously entitled The Super Settler. A settler is a man who settles bets, determining how much winners should receive. Students of settling must learn such basics as the difference between a "banko" and a "super Yankee." (A banko consists of three selections, seven bets, three doubles, one treble, plus a "roundabout." A super Yankee consists of five selections, 26 bets, 10 doubles, 10 trebles, five four-somes and one accumulator. That's as



close as we can come to explaining it. A "trixie," incidentally, combined with a roundabout makes a banko. All clear?

Among those who have failed to master the arithmetical intricacies of the settler's course are a doctor and a barrister, who matriculated for kicks. And small wonder that they failed. A settler student must work out, with more than deliberate speed, such problems as how

continued

## 6 hard-headed reasons to be soft-hearted and give a Polaroid Color Pack Camera for Christmas.



**Soft-hearted:** Look, once you've seen you're entitled to be that way. You've got a right to give him what you know his heart must be set on having. Maybe, though, you need a little support... a few hard-headed reasons for doing it.

1.

**Magnificent color:** Is he finicky about his pictures? Wait till he sees the color prints this camera delivers in just 60 seconds. The rich, clear reds, the deep browns, the subtle greens, the exceptionally faithful reproduction of delicate skin tones (they're the hardest). When he shoots black and white, he'll be just as happy about the crisp, detailed shots, the fine range of tonal values.

2.

**Contact exposures—automatically:** No guessing about lens openings or speeds, no fussing with meters. Even when you're shooting color flash, you get the right exposures automatically. Just focus and snap. The transistorized shutter, coupled with an electric eye, takes care of the rest. Actually measures the brief burst of the flash, makes the necessary calculations and sets the correct exposure! All automatically. Not even the most expensive cameras can do this.

3.

**It's light, it's so easy:** For all its technical marvels, the Polaroid Color Pack Camera is small and compact. In fact, it weighs less than many 35mm models. But it delivers a big picture—3½" x 4½". So it's great for trips and vacations.

4.

**Focusing is much, much easier:** This camera uses a new kind of flat film pack (8 shots, color or black and white) that slips into the back. Takes all of 7 seconds. Focusing is a lot easier, too. The precision rangefinder moves in the direction of your fingers. When the double images come together, you're in focus. Ready to shoot.

5.

**New, lower priced model:** Now there are 2 Polaroid Color Pack Cameras. And the new one, you'll be glad to know, is substantially lower in price. But still substantially the same fine camera. We've dropped the chrome housing for the shutter and the fancy leather strap. But we've kept the transistorized shutter, the snap-pack loading, the lightness, the big-sized pictures. And the beautiful results.

6.

**See the just in it:** This, of course, is the reason. This is what picture-taking is all about. Or should be. And is—with a Polaroid Land camera. The never-ending fun of seeing your pictures on the spot—color in 60 seconds, black and white in 10. So you see, you don't have to be so soft-hearted (and not so well-heeled, either) to give a Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Lots of hard-headed characters are doing it.

# A man's man's fragrance



**'That  
Man'**

BY REVLO

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SOAP, SPRAY-DEODORANT BODY TALC,  
AND PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

## SCORECARD

much is owed on an each-way treble involving favorites, two of whom have dead-heated, while the third, a co-favorite of three, has finished third at odds of 7 to 2.

Cavanagh says he is now seeking a "proper degree examination for the professional."

"Why not?" he asks. "It's the fifth largest industry in the country. Not so long ago you couldn't get a degree in dentistry."

## SUGGESTION FROM AN ARMCHAIR

The isolated camera and the flashback technique have added an enjoyable new dimension to life for the living room football fan. Infinitely, however, they follow only backs and ends, and that is a disappointment to those who believe that football games are won largely in the line. Once in a while, at least, give us a camera focused on the mischief in the middle. Show us the cross blocks, the red dogs and the artfully tossed elbows. That would really be a new dimension.

## OUT AT HOME

The announcement the other day that Yogi Berra, the fired manager of the Yankees, had signed on as a coach with the Mets made us wonder. Certainly Berra will draw more people into Shea Stadium and we would not be at all surprised if the last-place Mets outdraw the Yankees by 2 to 1 next year instead of a mere 500,000—the 1964 figure.

Moreover, by the luck of the draw the Mets open the season on April 12 against —of all teams—the Los Angeles Dodgers, and that means that Sandy Koufax will be pitching and that the Mets should have the largest crowd in their young history. But CBS, new owner of the Yankees, thinks not so much in terms of large, live crowds as in large television ratings. When and if Yogi comes to bat as a Met, New York's television watchers will certainly not be tuned to the Yankee broadcast on Channel 11 nor to CBS itself on Channel 2. The audience will be watching the Mets on Channel 9, thus enabling Berra—not normally considered a fast man—to execute a marvelous corporate double steal against his former employers.

Should Berra get a key hit (we seem to remember him getting 1,243,009 key pinch hits as a Yankee), he will be an immediate immortal—the man who enabled the Mets to win their first Opening

Day game in history, should he strike out and leave fellow Mets on the bases he might even replace Marvcelous Marx Thronberry as a new Met idol.

Although CBS does not yet televise the Yankee games, the network must be considered a prime sponsor and, as sponsor, it might just as well get ready for one of the biggest ratings defeats in the history of professional sports.

## THE KOOKY KUDU

Among the meaner features of the southwestern deserts is their vegetation. The catclaw acacia is known to cowhands and hunters as "devil's claw" because its short, curved thorns rip clothing and lacerate skin. Mesquite and its cousin "screw bean" are not much better.

This fall the New Mexico Game and Fish Department offered a suicide salad of such greens to its imported herds of ibex, kudus and oryxes. The crazy critters, who had been dining and thriving on alfalfa, loved the stuff. The idea was to find out if such animals can survive when, one day, their descendants are turned loose to be hunted.

"Of course," said Levon Lee, game management official in charge of the project, "the kudus and oryxes come from a desert area of southwest Africa that resembles some of our country. This vegetation looked like home cooking to them. The ibex are members of the goat family and they eat anything."

Now the department has started a shuttle service. Whenever it sends a truckload of fencing to the 320-acre kudu corral it is building, the drivers are asked to bring back a load of desert shrubs. So they fling catclaw, mesquite and not a few eries of pain into the truck and drive back marveling that any beasts can be so hardmouthed.

## OLD COLLEGE TRY

Philadelphians long have felt that Ambrose F. (Bud) Dudley and the Liberty Bell have something in common. Dudley dropped \$60,000 while promoting the first five Liberty Bowl football games.

But that is by no means all. Ambition has always seemed to be blocking for Dudley when, suddenly, failure has tackled him from behind. That is the scenario of his life. In 1958 he staged a game of Canadian football between the Hamilton Tiger-Cats and Ottawa Rough Riders—in Philadelphia—and blew \$26,000. As president of the now defunct Philadelphia Ramblers hockey





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## SCORECARD

club, he had only one profitable season in four. In his promotions of auto racing he was a good rainmaker. Downpours washed out five straight weekend cards. In 1954 he was appointed a special assistant to the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Two years later he swamped the Democrats.

Dudley has, of course, had his successes. As athletic director at Villanova from 1953 to 1956 he promoted five Grocery Bowls, so named because tickets were sold to a food store chain at a reduced rate, then given to customers with each \$10 order. The bowls attracted 357,327 fans. Also, Villanova lost all five games.

Now Dudley is promoting his sixth Liberty Bowl game, this one scheduled for December 19. It will be a unique indoor affair in Atlantic City's 12,000-seat Convention Hall. Optimist Dudley expects a sellout at \$10 a ticket, and ABC will televise the game nationally over 204 stations.

"I've always been an admirer of Lincoln," says Dudley, who has a bust of Abe on his desk. "I think Lincoln was defeated 32 of 37 times before he became President."

## THEY SAID IT

- Ara Parseghian, Notre Dame football coach: "Every successful coach must have a successful quarterback."
- Joe Foss, American Football League commissioner, on the league's surpassing the one-million attendance mark: "We invite anyone to gauge the progress the American Football League has made in the last five years with the initial five years of any sports organization."
- Les Lear, trainer of Sudair, who won the \$301,700 Garden State Stakes, asked to compare football coaching and training horses. "All I can say is you know where the horses are at night."
- Churley Wallgren, baseball scout, after the Baltimore Orioles signed Mike Epstein, 220-pound All-America baseball player from the University of California: "We've been looking at him since he was only 165 pounds."
- Television sports commentator, interviewing Bill Edwards, Wittenberg football coach who has enjoyed a successful career coaching at high school, major college (Vanderbilt), small college (Wittenberg) and professional (Cleveland Browns) levels: "Do you like to coach football?"

END

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# A MATTER OF PRIDE AT ENDVILLE

*In a normally insignificant and ignored Cajun-country tournament, the battle to be golf's leading money winner for 1964 goes down to the last precarious putt before Nicklaus slips past Palmer by \$81.13* **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

There are a limited number of reasons for a millionaire to go to Lafayette, La. He might go there to strike oil, or buy a sugar cane plantation, or eat the world's finest oysters, or maybe just to listen to hot lips Lionel Hebert play the trumpet. But last week two millionaires, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, flew into Lafayette, and the only reason they were there was pride. This twosome of ultrastars had come to play in golf's Cajun Classic, an event so mundane that in ordinary times Palmer and Nicklaus would hardly have bothered reading about it in the newspapers. They found themselves competing against what was essentially the ragtag end of pro golf's chorus line. They had to slog their way through rain, then try to stay warm in temperatures that might be zesty by Aspen standards but were frigid by Louisiana's, and finally they had to play a trying 36 holes on Sunday. It all seemed like a comical mistake, as if the Army-Navy game had been scheduled in a high school gym. Yet circumstances were forcing Palmer and Nicklaus to compete in the Cajun Classic with the same kind of concentration and resolve they bring to a Masters or a U.S. Open. How humiliating: how delightful!

What brought golf's pharaohs out to

play for pennies was actually a matter of \$318.87. The \$25,000 (\$3,300 to the winner) Cajun is the final official PGA tournament of the year. Going into last week, Palmer was leading the 1964 official money winners' race with \$111,703.37, but Nicklaus was right behind him at \$111,384.50. The title of leading money winner is a thing to be coveted, and both Nicklaus and Palmer have been doing a lot of secret covering—and calculating—for more than a month.

It was really all Arnold's fault that he and Jack found themselves in this peculiar fix. Five weeks earlier, during the Sahara Invitation in Las Vegas, Palmer had the money-winning crown all but glued to his grayings—yes, grayings—head. Then he blew it. With only 18 holes to go at the Sahara he led Nicklaus by two shots and more than \$3,000 in official money won. Then Arnold stumbled to a 76, and fell into a tie for 19th. Meanwhile, Nicklaus shot a hot 67 and tied for third. That closed the money gap to little more than pocket change.

For both players this sudden reawakening of their year's rivalry created embarrassing complications. Both were leaving immediately after the Sahara for an extended tour in Australia, so there was precious little time to spare and decisions had to be made. Jack, who finished his last round ahead of Arnold, pucked, and then sought out the

PGA tournament supervisor, Joe Black,

"If I'm behind Arnold on the money list enter me at Lafayette," he told Black. "If I'm ahead of him and he doesn't enter, don't enter me either. If I'm ahead of him and he enters, the center me too."

This is not exactly the solid sort of commitment the PGA likes to pass on to its tournament sponsors. Black, slightly confused by all the alternatives, told Nicklaus to wait until he got back from Australia to make up his mind. Exit Nicklaus for the airport.

A few minutes later Palmer, thoroughly disgusted with himself and his 76, came hurrying off the course with not much time to make the plane. But first some business. He sought out Black and gave him the identical instructions that Nicklaus had delivered earlier.

"Wait until Jack decides, and then let me know," said Black. Exit Palmer for the airport.

During the long flight to Australia there was little doubt in either one's mind about the necessity of being in Lafayette a month later, but they were not going to admit it. "I doubt if I'll be able to make it, Jack," Arnold remembers saying, trying very hard to sound sincere.

"No, I probably won't either, Arnie," Jack recalls answering, doubtless pursing his lips and frowning. "It's too much of a mess."

It was hardly an Academy Award per-

*continued*

*Jack has a winner's air as he thrusts his club at his caddy after sinking a putt for an eagle*

JAMES ORRIS



#### PRIDE AT ENDSVILLE *continued*

fortune by either. "I knew that if I entered he would, too," says Jack. "We were just trying to psych each other out."

But Arnold was ever so slightly hopeful he could still avoid the not-so-classic Cajun as he left Nicklaus behind in Australia and went on to Japan, where the Arnold Palmer Company was opening sales offices. After all, November is the hunting season in Pennsylvania; Palmer wanted to rest, and he had business engagements, too. But when he got back home to Latrobe two weeks ago, Joe Black was on the telephone with the bad news. "He's entered," said Black.

"That s.o.b.," said Palmer. And everybody packed for Lafayette, La.

Loyal Cajuns claim that Lafayette is the fastest-growing town in the whole U.S. Its proximity to both the oil fields of East Texas and the Louisiana Gulf Coast makes it an ideal nesting place for the sales and administrative offices of oil companies. More than 600 of them hold space in a sprawling, 65-building complex that is aptly called the Oil Center. In addition, Lafayette is the hub of a thriving agricultural area. The town's population in the last dozen years has nearly doubled—from 40,000 to 70,000.

"There's a lot of money in Lafayette," says the owner of one of its most expensive clothing shops. "It's not just millionaire money, either. It's mostly \$25,000-a-year money that likes to spend \$35,000 a year."

However great its charms, golf's two biggest money earners were still understandably reluctant about the whole business. As a golf tournament, the Cajun Classic was created for losers. It struggled to life in 1958 as a poor relative of the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas. The T of C, as its name implies, invites only tournament winners to its annual May event. Overwhelmed by compassion for the non-winners, who had nothing to do the same week, the Las Vegas sponsors offered a \$5,000 purse to anyone who would run an alternate tournament. A small group of businessmen in Lafayette, backed and pushed by PGA champions and PGA golficians Jay and Lionel Hebert, finally agreed to put on a tournament of nonchampions at the Oakbourne Country Club. It ran opposite the Las Vegas show for a year, then was

*Chilled. Above scowls from beneath his seersucker hat as his key putter lets him down.*

switched into November to fill an open date on the PGA tour. The switch made it possible for champions to enter—if they felt like it.

The tournament is well enough run, and Jay and Lionel are worthy hosts, especially when Lionel starts an evening jam session with his trumpet. But it cannot escape its Endsville feel. On the day of last week's protest, a visitor asked a PGA official why there were no signs showing how to get to the golf course.

"Signs for who?" the official asked, looking around at the 100 or so people who lined the 18 holes. "The crowd that's got here now is as big as they usually get for a final round. Anyone who wants to come knows where it is." And he was right, of course.

In view of what it was doing to their long-made and complicated schedules, why did Palmer and Nicklaus feel that the money-winner title was worth the trip to the Cajun Classic? A superficial reason is that the title pays about \$20,000 in bonuses from their affiliated companies, but the real reason is the thing that has kept the Nicklaus-Palmer rivalry such a vigorous one.

"It's a matter of personal pride," said Jack before climbing into his new \$225,000 twin-engine Aero Commander for the flight from his home in Columbus, Ohio to Lafayette. "It's a real measure of accomplishment, the next best thing to winning a major championship."

To Palmer, an old stag protecting his position as head of the herd, Nicklaus' fresh challenge was simply another he was determined to fight off. Palmer's earning record has been phenomenal—he was the leading money winner in 1958, 1960, 1962 and 1963, but he plays a drastic curtailment of his tournament activities next year.

"This is the last year I'll even be in the chase," he said shortly after arriving at Lafayette in his own Aero Commander. "I can now on 14 tournaments a year as all I'm going to play."

What is more, the money title would salvage something from a year that has essentially been a disappointment for both Palmer and Nicklaus. Palmer won the Masters last April, starting what he felt would be one of his best seasons, then won only a single tournament thereafter, the Oklahoma City Open. Nicklaus won four tournaments, but not one of them a major championship. The year has been dominated by these two more

in the expectation of what they would do each week than in what they actually did. Nicklaus finished second in three big ones: to Palmer in the Masters, to Tony Lema in the British Open and to Bobby Nichols in the PGA. Palmer crossed his frustration threshold during midsummer when he finished second five times and third twice.

"Actually, I played the best golf I've ever played," Palmer said the other day, "but I didn't make the short putts I always made when I was winning. Because of the Masters it was a good year, but only winning another one of the big four events would have made it a great one."

The top of the ladder in pro golf is a wobbly perch, and it is not surprising that the Big Two have, temporarily at least, slipped a little. There are many good players crowding their way up from the bottom, chiefly because the inducements are so great. This year total prize money came to approximately \$2.3 million. Next year, the prize money will

be higher, especially if a big PGA television contract that is now being negotiated with a network goes through.

"We are being swamped with fine young golfers," says Joe Black. "Four or five years ago we had only about 70 regulars playing the tour week to week. Now we have more than 160."

Palmer noticed the change when he put his bag down at the Cajun Classic and took a look around. "Wow," he exclaimed, "I bet I don't know 20 guys here." The prospect of spending the week in Lafayette, virtually friendless, seemed to envelop the usually amiable Arnie in gloom. ("Doesn't he ever smile?" asked a tournament official.) He had a cold and, besides, there was not much to smile about. He came off the 18th green after his final practice round at least moderately pleased with a five-under-par 67. Then he ran into Nicklaus.

"What did you shoot?" asked Jack. "I had 67 and played lousy," said Arnold. "What did you have?"

*continued*



Chagrined Arnie watches a blooped explosion shot during his unprecedented string of bogeys on Saturday. The ball barely cleared the lip of the bunker and stopped dead in heavy grass.

"Sixty-seven," said Jack.

"Sixty-seven, eh? And how did you play?" asked Arnold.

"Miserably," said Jack, and they both started laughing and punnelling each other. Then Arnold leaned over toward Jack. "That's too damn low," he whispered, and now he was half serious.

Even a fine stroke of luck on what should have been the first day of the tournament did not appreciably raise Palmer's lagging spirits. He had shot a two-over-par 74 and Nicklaus was four under par after eight holes when a sudden rain squall lashed the golf course and washed out all first-round scores. Palmer went quietly off to his motel, had a drink, had dinner and was in bed by 10 o'clock. Nicklaus, meanwhile, drove down the road from his motel to Poor Boy's Riverside Inn and, with Touring Pros Gordon Jones, Al Kelley

MacGregor Tourney golf balls (they learned of the mistake when they got to the green and checked the ball numbers) and each was penalized two strokes. Jack still had a good 71 and led Arnold by three shots, but could he give away eight shots to Palmer—through rain and through carelessness—and still stay far enough ahead of him to gain \$318,877?

Nicklaus seemed unperturbed. While Palmer was still on the course, working out his own private problems with his irons and his putter, Jack's Aero Commander kept appearing in the overcast sky to the west. Its owner was practicing touch-and-goes at the nearby airport.

The final day was a bitter collection of all the reasons any golfer might have for passing up the Cajun Classic. To complete 36 holes the golfers had to start by dawn's earliest light. The weather would have been fine for the Dartmouth

Boil's biggest winner downs four dozen oysters in his preparation for dawning Palmer.

Palmer. Then Arnold played a stretch of five holes in four under par and looked to have a chance again, only to fall into one of those strange bogey spells that has so unsettled him lately. When, on the 15th hole, he missed a two-foot putt he assumed he was beaten. He stubbed the toe of his putter into the green in dismay, and then sheepishly set about repairing the damage.

But 30 minutes later, while warming himself in the clubhouse, Palmer found he still had a chance. Miller Barber had won the tournament handsomely by five strokes, but now Gay Brewer, who was finishing with a rush, had a 16-foot putt on 18 that could earn him second place. If he made the putt Jack would finish third, and Palmer would be leading mon-

## THE LEADING MONEY WINNERS SINCE 1948

1948	BEN HOGAN	\$32,112.00
1949	SAM SNEAD	21,593.83
1950	SAM SNEAD	25,758.83
1951	LOYD MANGRUM	28,889.82
1952	JULIUS BOROS	27,002.97
1953	LEW MORDSHAIN	24,062.90
1954	BOB TOSHI	25,819.81
1955	JULIUS BOROS	63,129.55

1956	TED KROLL	\$72,835.83
1957	DICK HAYES	65,835.90
1958	ARNOLD PALMER	42,607.50
1959	ART WALL JR.	52,187.60
1960	ARNOLD PALMER	75,262.85
1961	GARY PLYMER	64,580.45
1962	ARNOLD PALMER	81,448.33
1963	ARNOLD PALMER	129,230.90

## FINAL 1964 EARNINGS

JACK NICKLAUS	\$113,294
ARNOLD PALMER	113,203
BILLY CASPER	90,953
TONY LEWA	74,120
BOBBY HOGWOLD	74,612
KEN VENTURI	62,465
GARY PLAYER	61,448
MASON RUDOLPH	57,568

and Dave Ragan as witnesses, ate four dozen of Lafayette's best oysters.

The next two days were dry, at least, but they were windy, cold and getting colder. The temperature fell to 44° on Friday and half the field teed off wearing knitted ski caps. For Palmer, his down-face topped by a dapper snap-brim seersucker hat and his figure padded out by layers of sweaters, things went from good to bad to splash. He shot a 68 during the new first round, but spoiled the day by hitting into the water in front of the last hole and taking a double-bogey 5. On Saturday he bogeyed five straight holes ("I can't remember when I last did that," he said) early, and only a resolute recovery produced a two-over-par 74.

Nicklaus, meanwhile, could have been bleeding from the heart. First, his six-shot advantage over Palmer had been washed out on Thursday. His Friday score, like Palmer's, was a 68. But on Saturday he had more trouble. On the third hole he and Busch Baird, playing together, managed to hit each other's

Winter Carnival or for pleasant hunting in Latrobe, Pa., but it was not fine for golf. When he teed off at 8:12 for his morning round, Nicklaus looked more like a polar bear than the Golden Bear he uses as a trademark; he was wearing three sweaters, a knitted yellow dickey and a rain suit. The official temperature was slightly above freezing, but out on the course a 20-mph wind was blowing and nobody knew how cold it was. Jack could guess, though. By the time he reached the 3rd hole—followed by a gallery of 18—the damp towel that hung from his golf bag was frozen stiff.

The morning frostbite regatta was somehow completed but it did not drastically affect the standings, though Miller Barber, a 33-year-old often present but rarely noted touring pro, shot a remarkable 68 to take a one-stroke lead in the tournament over Nicklaus. Palmer, with a 71, was tied for fourth, two shots back of Jack. As the next 18 progressed—and galleries grew to 400—Nicklaus increased his lead to four strokes over

ey winner. If he missed, Jack would be tied for second, and be the leading money winner by \$81.13. Brewer walked over to Nicklaus, and Jack jokingly slipped a money clip into Brewer's hand. Then Nicklaus turned his back to the green. "It was the first putt I couldn't bring myself to watch since the six-footer Palmer missed that would have beaten me in the 1962 Open," said Jack later. The putt stopped short, and Nicklaus breathed again. Thanks to a trip to Lafayette, he was leading money winner of 1964, with a total of \$113,284.50.

"This is the eighth time I have finished second this year," said Nicklaus, "but it is the first time in my life I felt happy about it."

Nobody noticed, but Miller Barber was pretty happy, too. He had just won his first official tournament—which put him in 36th place on the money list. Palmer and Nicklaus may not return to Lafayette, but you will never convince Miller Barber that the Cajun Classic isn't a great golf tournament. **END**





# SNELL'S TORTURED RACE TO A

The first half mile was, I felt, too fast," said Peter Snell, "but I was carried along by the whole atmosphere and excitement. I could feel the pace catching up with me. I struggled along to the three-quarter mark, and from then on I was hanging on desperately."

The thing about Peter Snell is that he can hang on desperately at speeds faster than most men can run feeling fine. Last week in Auckland, New Zealand, when he raced the mile in 3:54.1 to break his own world record by three-tenths of a second, the first half mile was timed in 1:54, stunningly fast time at that point in a mile race. The second half mile—Snell's desperate, struggling period—took a tenth of a second more than two minutes flat, which means that Snell, hanging on, ran that half in almost precisely the pace required for a four-minute mile.

If the searing 1:54 beginning bothered Snell, it took even more out of his two prime rivals, Josef Odlozil of Czechoslovakia and fellow New Zealander John Davies, who had finished second and third behind Snell in the 1,500-meter run at the Tokyo Olympics and who are, judging from their Olympic performances, currently the second and third best milers in the world. In Auckland, Odlozil and Davies were right there with Snell at the half mile, and at the finish they turned in the fastest miles of their careers (3:56.4 for the Czech, 3:56.8 for Davies) but, even so, in that torturous second half mile they fell far, far behind. At one point Snell led by 25 yards, and though at the very end Odlozil, coming on again, closed the gap to 16 yards, with Davies another long stride back, the only question in the minds of the 20,000 Aucklanders watching in Western Springs Stadium was whether Snell—running down slowly like an unplugged electric motor—could hang on long enough to break his record.

He did, of course, holding his form

courageously and striding through the tape looking as calm and all-powerful as ever. Afterward, though, he put his arms around Odlozil and Davies and for a moment sagged wearily between them. Then the world record was announced. Peter regained his breath, jogged a happy victory lap around the stadium track, waving to the cheering crowd and basking in its affectionate applause (Auckland is Snell's home town), and then made a graceful little speech that went out over the public address system and a national radio hookup. "I feel quite good," he said.

Snell now owns six world records (the outdoor half mile, 800 meters, 1,000 meters and the mile; the indoor half mile and 1,000 yards) and three Olympic gold medals (for winning the 800 meters in 1960 and 1964 and the 1,500 meters in 1964), and it would seem that there are few worlds left for him to conquer. Yet, in a sense, he is disappointed. Before he gives up running he wants really to smash the one-mile record, bring it down to the neighborhood of 3:50. But he faces a basic problem. No one doubts that he is physically capable of running such a race, but temperamentally Snell needs stern and challenging competition right into the final straightaway to rouse the terrific unconscious drives that, he says, come into play for him only under extraordinary stress. Such competition does not seem to exist. Indeed, the only runner in recent years who would be rated even with Snell is the retired Australian, Herb Elliott, whose world record for the mile Snell first broke in 1962 by one-tenth of a second. Elliott still holds the record in the 1,500—Snell tried vainly to break it in the course of last week's race but failed by two full seconds—and those who saw him set it in Rome in 1960 remember him with awe. Sports fans love dream matches. Put this one on the big screen: Snell vs. Elliott at one mile. How could either one lose?

END



## RECORD MILE

*Although he was, in his own words, 'desperate and struggling,' New Zealand's three-gold-medal Olympian beat his own mark and completely routed the world's second- and third-best milers*

*Elfin teammate Bill Beville poses with showing new record holder Snell's nose as the exhausted winner is supported by rivals Davies and Gellert*







## THE TOE THAT LOST ITS TOUCH

Paul Hornung's errant foot has kicked the Green Bay Packers right out of the running for the NFL championship, but neither fans nor teammates are inclined to blame him **by DAN JENKINS**

**I**n the beginning it was like old times. With metronomic perfection the Golden Toe swung thrice—once from 52 yards—and suddenly three field goals were on the board, the hated Bears were demolished in the season opener, and the Packers were off and running once again as if 1961 had never happened. Paul Hornung was back, and all was well in Green Bay. But not for long. In the very next game the Golden Toe developed a bad case of tartaritis that no one has been able to eradicate since.

Until a few weeks ago field goals and extra points were as inevitable in Green Bay as frostbite. Somebody snapped the ball, somebody else held it—Bart Starr, one assumed, without really observing—and then Hornung rhythmically booted it into a swarm of happy kids and unhappy policemen in the bleachers behind the goal posts. The kick was nearly always good. In the Packers' three championship years from 1960 through 1962, Hornung kicked field goals successfully 61% of the time. He kicked them from everywhere except a raft on Green Bay's Fox River, and he added 96 consecutive extra points.

But now Hornung, after that brilliant opening game, has unintentionally brought suspense back to the seemingly automatic process of place-kicking. His average has dropped to 31%. And, at least partially because of his misses, the Packers, still unbeatable on paper, are struggling to finish second in the NFL's Western Division.

Last Sunday in Milwaukee's cold, windy County Stadium, Hornung kicked four extra points and tried—and missed—one field goal, as the Packers beat the Browns 28-21. But Green Bay was out of serious contention for a title long before last week. They lost five of the first 10 games, and the way they did it was worse still. In those games they drove inside opposing 35-yard lines 22 times and did not score. Hornung missed two extra

continued

points—to equal his career total. One of them cost the team a 21-20 game with the momentum-grabbing Baltimore Colts. The second, against Minnesota, was blocked. This gave the Packers a 24-23 loss. Then in a subsequent game Hornung missed five field goals, and the result was another narrow loss to the Colts, 24-21. And then a week ago, against the rookie-infested San Francisco 49ers, Hornung missed four more.

In the face of such evidence it is a tribute both to Hornung's talents as a player and to his unflinching popularity as a person that no one in Green Bay, in or out of Coach Vince Lombardi's grimly militant office ("he's been known to baw," jokes End Ron Kramer), dared to suggest that the Packers have blown it this year because of kicking. As the season's first snow began settling on the town last week, there seemed to be as many other reasons as there were shovels on the sidewalks.

"It's just one of these years," said a restaurant owner. "Never seen so much

bad luck. A kick will be just a foot wide, or a lineman will stick his hand up and get a piece of the ball. Two years ago a kick would be a foot good and a lineman would sack up his hand but miss."

"Injuries," said a bartender. "You can't lose Jerry Kramer, the best offensive guard in football, and be the same team. Thurston [Fuzzy] hasn't been whole. Taylor's been banged up. Paul's got a pinched nerve he don't talk about."

Said an insurance broker, "It's partly injuries, but there's another thing. I heard some of the boys are buying tailor-made suits now. Use to be they all bought ready-mades. You notice that in a small town like this, maybe they're a little self-satisfied, a little fat. That'll cause those fumbles and penalties and things."

Vince Lombardi skillfully avoids burdening Hornung with the blame that may or may not be duly his.

"He's just been in a rut," said Lombardi. "Like a .300 hitter who gets in a slump, except we can't bench him. With Kramer out, he's our only kicker, and

this could put some extra pressure on him, but I doubt it. Nobody likes to win more than Paul. I've said very little to him. Kicking is rhythm. And he's worked himself out of rhythm—maybe by trying too hard."

"I don't talk about injuries," Lombardi continued. "They're part of the game, everyone has them. I keep looking at this team and thinking we're as good as we've ever been. But we haven't won. We get an interception, we get a penalty, we lose a fumble, we miss a kick. I don't know why, or we'd stop doing it. People point to the statistics. We're leading this and that." Vince forced a laugh. "Well," he said, "figures lie, and liars figure."

All figuring in regard to the Packers in 1964, whether Green Bay likes it or not, must ultimately lead back to Paul Hornung's foot. Essentially, Hornung appears to be the same outgoing, confident, sharply dressed young man that he was in 1962 before he was suspended for betting. The Packers still call him "Locks," for Goldlocks, still look to him to lead them to lunch at The Spot, to a movie in the afternoon, perhaps in the evening to Speed's or to the best television program in the house he shares with his roommates, Max McGee and Ron Kramer, the ends. He is still the leader of the club in the same sense that Frank Sinatra, as a superelementary, is the leader of another, less endearing group.

"He feels bad about his kicking, sure," says Quarterback Bart Starr. "He feels like he's let the team down. But when you lose five games, nobody is having a good year. He's lost some confidence, but he doesn't show it. He's got a lot of pride. And he knows he's a good kicker and he'll get it back."

The mechanics of place-kicking are not as simple as they may seem. The first requirement is a good snapback—knee-high—from the center to the holder. The man holding must quickly and instinctively spin the ball around so that the lace is facing toward the goalposts before he places it on the ground. "If the lace is slightly off center and there's a wind," says Starr, "it can throw the kick way off." With the ball positioned, the rest is up to the kicker. Some take three steps, but most—like Hornung—prefer two. Forward with the right foot, one more with the left, then into the ball smoothly, following through, the kicker's head always down, as in a golf shot. Between the snap and the follow-through



SITTING ON THE BENCH, HORNUNG GRIMACES IN PAIN FROM PINCHED NERVE IN NECK



## The baffling riddle of Japan (and how to get to the heart of it)



Japan is everything you've ever heard—and everything you've never seen.

It's a sea-green sky with pagodas in Kyoto.

It's a fast-moving street with more than 30 theatres and 700 nightspots in Tokyo.

It's the eastern sound of bamboo flute, samisen and *geisha* song, the western sound of Japanese guitar gone electric.

It's the glitter and clatter of pageants

that last for 40 days and 40 nights.

It's the quiet wisdom of centuries handed down in poems of 17 syllables.

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a lot of bad things can happen, and just about all of them have happened to Hornung this year.

"I've missed them every way you can name," he said one day last week as he sat comfortably in The Spot, eating potato soup, a fish sandwich and drinking black coffee. Earlier, in practice, he had casually kicked 28 of 30 field goals from all angles and distances. Now, dressed in a heavy, shaggy sweater and trim slacks, he seemed relaxed and at ease. He smoked an occasional cigarette, signed an occasional autograph and for the first time—"The local writers understand his problem and don't bother him." Packer Publicity Man Tom Miller had warned—talked about the season and the troubles.

"I've stood too close to it," Hornung said. "I've lined up wrong. I've kicked too late and too quick." He grinned. "Baby, I've even shanked a few. You know, like—sideways. I thought I was off to a great year after the first game. I wanted it, too. You know, after being out. And that thing hasn't bothered me, you know. The suspension. Everybody's been great to me. I wasn't bitter about it. I'm just happy to be back. I'm not a bitter guy. I hear all the theories about my kicking. They say the layoff hurt. That's wrong. They say Kramer not being with

us has put pressure on me. Man, that's not true. I've been doing the kicking a long time. It's just poor timing. Everything in life is a matter of timing. You get out of the groove, you got to work back in. Like in baseball or golf. I've had a string of three-putts greens, that's all.

"I'll guarantee you one thing," Hornung went on. "It's not the man holding the ball. Bart's probably the best holder in the league. In four years he's never shown me a face. It's hard to say what we might have done this season if I'd hit more. Our defense has been good all the way. Bart's having a good year, and Taylor'll get his thousand. He's a one thou runner. We gave the Colts a big lift—or I did."

As Hornung talked, other Packers drifted by, as if to get a nod of approval to leave. Ron Kramer asked if Paul intended to go to a movie. Max McGee asked the same thing. Linebacker Dan Currie was next. "Hey, Locks. Gonna make a movie?"

Hornung said he would be along. As an afterthought, he called to Kramer and Currie. "12 O'clock. High tonight, babes, World's greatest TV series." He stretched in the chair, got up, poured himself another cup of coffee, glanced out of the window of The Spot to see if the snow was coming down more heavily, and

sat down again. He stretched once more.

"I've got this pinched nerve, or something, in my neck," he said. "It doesn't make me miss any field goals, by the way. But it gets pretty painful at times. Don't know where it came from, but when the season's over I'm going to a clinic or something. I've been paralyzed with it a couple of times.

"You never know about this game. One day you get a knock and that's it. I know I want to play in another championship game," Hornung said thoughtfully. "If I've got a wish, that's it. Somebody wrote that I'm more serious than I was before I had to lay off. Well, why not? I'm older."

As Hornung prepared to leave, slipping into a navy-blue greascoat and pausing at the cigarette machine, a man at the bar said, "Say, Paul. We were just trying to figure what the Colts should be over the Browns if they play for the championship. Whaddya think? About a touchdown?"

Green Bay's truest celebrity welcomed the straight line with a relishing grin. "I'm not too concerned about point spreads this year, you know," he said. Laughter trailed Paul Hornung out the door. On the street a man passed him and asked, "How are you doing, Paul?" Hornung replied, "Oh, I can't kick." **END**



THIS FIELD GOAL ATTEMPT IN THE GAME AGAINST LOS ANGELES WAS BLOCKED AND THEN TURNED-INTO A RAM TOUCHDOWN



*The annual Sports Illustrated Silver Anniversary Awards go to 25 college football players of the class of 1940 who achieved distinguished careers through*

The weather was exceptionally pleasant in late September 1939. Cincinnati and St. Louis were struggling for the National League pennant, the Yankees had already won in the American League and there was a midsummer languor in the air. Resorts were still crowded, the New York World's Fair cut admissions to 40¢ to attract returning vacationers to Flushing Meadow, and on September 22, while Bob Feller was winning his 22nd game for Cleveland, there was the rare phenomenon of blue skies being reported over the entire U.S. The East's big racetracks reported weather clear, track fast, as they had for nearly a month, and at Belmont a South American import named Soricado was winning the Manhattan Handicap by taking a fifth of a second off Man o' War's record for the mile and a half.

In Europe the climate in late September was considerably less benign. A cold rain fell on Warsaw, causing steam to rise from still-smoldering ruins. The exultant leaders of Nazi Germany and Communist Russia were meeting to divide up Poland, and it was noted that no major nation in history had ever been conquered more swiftly. The dikes were opened in Holland, a forlorn and woful defensive move smacking of castle moats and breastworks. A nuisance of mud and water would not hold back a German tide. RICH AND SOVIET JOIN FOR PEACE—OR WAR ran an uncertain headline in *The New York Times*. The Poles,

## AN ERA SHAPED BY WAR



at least, were not in any doubt. But in the fall of 1939, as World War II was beginning, uncertainty was the prevailing mood. When old enemies like Hitler and Stalin were suddenly revealed to be allies, when entire nations were conquered in a few hours, nothing seemed infallible, nothing incredible.

Reality could only be found close to home. Here things were still credible. Goldfish, accustomed enough to being swallowed alive by bass, were now being swallowed alive by college students. A Harvard youth got down 89, and claimed a world's championship. There were other entertainments, ones easier to stomach. Badminton was the most popular game, *Superman* the most popular comic strip, *Snow White* and *the Seven Dwarfs* the most popular movie. David O. Selznick announced his two-and-a-half-year search for a heroine was over. Vivien Leigh would play Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*. In the publishing field a renegade—ignoring the sincere warnings of all his friends—put out the first small paperback editions of best-sellers. He called them Pocket Books. Television sets had been placed on sale in May in New York, and by August 500 had been sold. They cost from \$160 to \$1,000, and screens were from five to 14 inches wide. Columbia and Princeton played the first baseball game ever televised. "Players are like flies," wrote an irritated sportswriter, but technical

improvements came fast. By midsummer you could plainly see Leo Durocher leaping and pivoting at shortstop when Brooklyn played Cincinnati in the first televised major league game, inaugurating a new era in baseball and perhaps a new era in barn acting as well.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd set out for Antarctica with 125 men, three tanks, two planes, a snowmobile and some prefabricated houses. Brave admiral, brave man, they said, little thinking that bravery would soon be a common commodity, common to admirals and common to grocery boys. Six hundred tried to buy tickets for Pan American's first transatlantic commercial flight. The one-way fare was \$375, the trip required 24 hours to Lisbon, and there was a plane each week. Joe Louis defended his heavyweight title by knocking out John Henry Lewis in one round, Jack Roger one and then Tony Galento in four—which led the picky to ask if his powers were fading. The Baseball Hall of Fame was opened in Cooperstown, supposedly on the 100th anniversary of the invention of the game by Abner Doubleday, who, of course, did not invent baseball at all. Football, not to be outdone, announced this was its 70th anniversary, and duly celebrated. Oddities tended to attract an undue share of public attention: there was amusement over the King and Queen of England eating hot dogs while visiting President Roosevelt at Hyde Park; outrage

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BY ROBERT CANTWELL



when the President changed the date of Thanksgiving from November 30 to November 23; excitement when Al Capone was released from a federal penitentiary after serving more than seven years for income tax evasion.

Summer lingered as a record 1,494,000 enrolled in college. They were headed into a football-happy autumn that was to see Texas A&M, never nationally prominent before, end Villanova's 22-game unbeaten streak and become the nation's No. 1 team. Tennessee was a powerful rival, until it lost in the Rose Bowl to Southern Cal, and Georgia Tech, Cornell and Princeton were surprise powers. It was to be a season of long-remembered stars—Tom Harmon (still a junior) and Forest Evashevski at Michigan, Kenny Washington at UCLA, Paul Christman at Missouri, John Kimbrough and Joe Boyd at Texas A&M, Nick Driehos at Cornell, Frank Ivy at Oklahoma. And, above them all, Nile Kinnick of Iowa. He was 5 feet 8, he was Phi Beta Kappa, grandson of an Iowa governor, and he was three and a half years away from crashing his Navy fighter plane into the Caribbean.

These were the teams and the times of the Silver Anniversary Award winners. One of them, Charles Boswell, blinded in the war, recalls that the campus at the University of Alabama was particularly attractive that fall, with its white-columned houses and the famous Gorgas Oak that was a favorite meeting place for students, a part of the campus spared when the Yankees burned Tuscaloosa 74 years before. Another, John Winterholter, later crippled in a Japanese prison camp, was back at Laramie for his final year at the University of Wyoming, where the old officers' quarters from Fort Saunders had been converted to a clubhouse and a chapter house for Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority. Howard Eetor was among the returning Georgia Tech students. He was quarterback of the Tech team that lost only to Notre Dame (17-14) and to Duke (7-6). Thirty-two members of his team went to World War II, and 11 were killed. Among the 14,000 students at busy Minnesota was Harold Van Every, later to be shot down over Germany, injured and imprisoned, thus ending his professional football career with the Green Bay Packers. And among the 800 at Grinnell, on that placid campus in the hollow between the Skunk and Iowa rivers, was Howard Grimes, a linebacker then, an insurance man now.

The winners of this year's Silver Anniversary Awards—awards that honor them for their significant contributions to their times—come from a wide range of country and from remarkably different fields of endeavor, but in 1939 they were alike in one respect. War was going to deflect their lives in ways that no one could understand and no one could have presumed. Albin Izyk was clerking in Dan Donahue's clothing store in Salem, Mass., to put himself through college; Seymour Shwiltzer was a waiter and radio repairman working his way through William & Mary. Brigadier General Izyk is now an assistant chief of staff in Europe, Colonel Shwiltzer an administrator with the Atomic Energy Commission. Sometimes, as with Charles Boswell or John Winterholter, the winners have worked heroically to rebuild their lives from the wreckage left by war. In the fine fall of 1939 the future was too indistinct to be faced—just war in the distance, and at home the sunlight bright over everything.

## THE 1964 AWARD WINNERS

### REPRESENTATIVE BRUCE R. ALGER, PRINCETON

He was a center at Princeton, but in World War II Bruce Alger learned to straighten up and fly right. After 23 combat missions in the Pacific, which earned him a Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with clusters, Alger returned to Dallas, where he became a successful real estate man, thriving on what he calls his "workhorse" attitude toward life. In 1954 he became the first Republican ever to represent Dallas County in Congress, winning on an ultraconservative platform, and has served five straight terms. He built a powerful political organization by "clearly stating my principles, then never deviating," a technique that he says attracts "people of real principle, dedication and belief." His followers, he adds, "work for me like their lives depend on it." A strong Goldwater backer, Alger was expected to beat Democrat Earle Cabell, former Dallas mayor, this fall but went down to a surprising 44,719-vote defeat. "I'm flabbergasted," he said. "Losing is new to me."

### COLONEL RICHARD R. AMERINE, KANSAS

Forced to bail out of his fighter 30 miles behind the Japanese lines on Guadalcanal in 1942, Marine Lt. Col. Richard Amerine made his way through the jungle and the enemy to rejoin his squadron seven days later. For this endeavor he received the Silver Star. Subsequently he commanded fighter squadrons in the Pacific, then decided to make the service a career. He became Chief of Staff of Operations for the Third Marine Aircraft Wing at El Toro, Calif., and is now Deputy Director of the Sixth Marine Corps in Atlanta. An orphan himself, he has made a hobby of helping similarly deprived children, including the launching of a campaign that led to many donations for Korean orphanages. Now 47, the ex-halibut still flies the hawk as qualified as a jet pilot, and he has just taken up golf. Those who know him predict he will be no time at all breaking 80 and a long time flying jets.

### DR. MAX D. BARTLEY, DEPAUW

Care and treatment of the eyes have been the chief concern of Max Bartley since he gave up his role of fullback for DePauw. For the past nine years he has been chief of the ophthalmology staff at Marion County General Hospital, and is now also head of the same department at St. Vincent's Hospital both in Indianapolis. Through his efforts at General Hospital the eye clinic was modernized and an eye disease diagnosis service established. He teaches at the Indiana School of Medicine and instructs residents in ophthalmology at the university's medical center.

### DR. WILLIAM BLISS, IOWA STATE

"I can't remember a time when I wasn't set on becoming a doctor," says genial William Bliss—perhaps because his parents so often told him of the dedication of the family physician who saved his life when he had an attack of spinal meningitis. Dr. Bliss, who played end at Iowa State, is now a general surgeon at the McFarland Clinic in Ames, Iowa, which serves that city and surrounding communities, and was a leader in the drive to get the \$1.5 million clinic built. He has been chairman of the Iowa State athletic council, and he sometimes serves as physician for his old high school team. "Athletics is my only hobby," he says.

### CHARLES A. BOSWELL, ALABAMA

He is, simply, a man of immense courage. At Alabama he was a line punter and a halfback who also called signals. A captain just before the Battle of the Bulge, he was able to get safely away when his tank was shot out from under him, but he went back to rescue a man trapped inside. He was hit by a shell and blinded. Sent to Valley Forge Hospital, he tried to learn the

CONTINUED

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## SILVER ANNIVERSARY *continued*

games they teach the blind as therapy. He had been a good bowler. Now he was awful. He tried horseback riding, and got knocked to the ground by a low-hanging limb. Finally an instructor got him to try golf, which he had never played, and he found he enjoyed it. In 1946 he was invited to a tournament for blind golfers in Los Angeles and finished second. He got a job with a sporting-goods store in Birmingham, and when Alabama played a spring-practice game for his benefit 30,000 people paid a dollar to watch, thus financing a home for him and his family. He now runs his own insurance firm, and both it and his golf are a success. He has won the National Blind Golf Championship 13 times. He once shot a 78 on a par-71 course, and another time took only 29 puts in 18 holes. In 1957 a newspaper editorial said of a speech he made to high school football players: "Boswell delivered an inspirational address which the youngsters were fortunate to hear, for it is doubtful that they ever again will see a more remarkable example of what a man with a healthy background of athletics can do in the face of prohibitive odds." Such a man can even keep his sense of humor. Asked once about a defeat in a blind tournament, Charley Boswell said, "Maybe my opponent pecked."

### THE REV. JOSEPH M. BOYD, TEXAS A&M

When he was a tackle on the national championship Texas Aggies, his teammates called him Boo Hoo Boyd because his temper was so short he sometimes would burst into tears of frustration during a game. He not only could outplay much of his team, it was generally conceded that he could outfight, outrun and outwear everybody on it. "I was," he says, "pretty fast and pretty wild." The son of a Baptist minister, he was years slow down, but in 1948 he enrolled at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, and went on to get a master's degree in theology. He has been preaching ever since. An evangelist, he prefers to work under a tent, but this summer he established a permanent church in Houston. He still calls it a tent, but it is actually an aluminum Quonset hut. "My type of evangelism draws the fellow that needs it," he says, "the one who shies away from a fancy church with ornate features. When I tell those old Aggies I'm preaching," Joe Boyd adds with delight, "their eyeballs roll and their false teeth fall out."

### DR. JOHN T. DICKINSON, PITTSBURGH

Turning down numerous scholarship offers from other schools, John Dickinson went to Pittsburgh to play right end for a coach he much admired, Jock Sutherland. Against Duke in 1939 he made a play the coach understandably admired, catching what amounted to a \$100,000 lateral pass. Dickinson recalls George McAfee of Duke coming around end on a reverse. "I stayed outside," says Dickinson, "and McAfee cut inside of me. I couldn't get to him, but I yelled, 'Hey! Pitt was wearing blue jerseys, the color Duke usually wore, and I think that confused him. He lateralized the ball right to me, and I ran it 70 yards the other way. We scored, and won 14-13." Duke was thus deprived of a trip to the Rose Bowl—a trip worth \$100,000. Dickinson graduated from medical school at Pitt and became a specialist in ear and throat surgery. Now a department chairman at Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh, he set up the first clinical bone bank in the nation, pioneered work in new types of ear operations and founded a clinic for deaf children, using his own funds to start it.

### W. HOWARD ECTOR, GEORGIA TECH

Gifted with an extraordinary memory, Howard Ector is said to know more Georgia cousins on a first-name basis than any other businessman in the state. One of the deftest quarterbacks in his school's history (in a game against Missouri in the Orange Bowl he was tackled on 32 plays although he actually carried the ball only 11 times), he became a coast artillery officer and, later in the

war, a bomber pilot, then returned to Tech to handle the delicate job of distributing season tickets to alumni. He is now an estate planner with the Trust Company of Georgia and involved in many Atlanta civic activities. "I learned one great lesson when I was handling tickets at Tech," Ector says. "We never had enough to meet the demand. I went to work every morning knowing there was no solution to the problem facing me. I learned the only way to do business was to be consistent in all my actions."

### ROBERT C. GOOD JR., LEHIGH

Robert Good got a good deal out of Lehigh. He won Phi Beta Kappa honors there, earned his Master of Science and his doctor's degree there and learned there that a strong, athletically minded man could find himself working as both a varsity tackle and a varsity fullback. He was a submariner during the war, and since then has been involved in a career of scientific research that has ranged from the production of gold leaf on Bibles to helping du Pont uncover impurities in nylon, where "a break in the miles of thread is a disaster." He also has written a handbook on proximity fuses for shells. Now living in Swarthmore, Pa. and employed at General Electric's Space Sciences Laboratories, he is developing techniques for testing space-vehicle materials.

### ARTHUR M. GRIFFIN, TUFTS

For three years he was a tailback at Tufts, and he likes to remember football as a game uncomplicated by split T formations and blitzing linebackers. He scored two touchdowns and passed for a third in one impressive win over Massachusetts but relishes most the four extra points he kicked that day, because he had never even tried one before. Griffin became a squadron commander of the 5th Air Sea Rescue Unit during the war, a pilot for Eastern Air Lines and a training consultant to the Department of the Air Force. Three years ago he was named vice-president and treasurer of the National Educational Television and Radio Center, which he describes as "not a series of classroom presentations but a growing cultural force." The New York organization is programming headquarters for nearly 90 educational television stations. He has developed considerable distaste for the self-important. "I like to remind myself," he says, "of the time I was flying a DC-4 from New York to Miami. About halfway along I walked back to talk to the passengers. It was soon after the war, and we pilots felt like pretty hot stuff. As I was striding down the aisle an elderly man touched my arm and asked, 'Driver, where are we?' I never forgot that, and never mind to."

### HOWARD R. GRIMES, GARNETT

As one of football's first roving linebackers, Center Howard Grimes made the *Liberty Magazine* All-America team, but he was shocked nonetheless when Tim Mara of the New York Giants offered him a professional contract calling for \$125 a game. It was "a tremendous amount of money in those days," he recalls, but he passed it up for a \$100-a-month job with the Aetna Life Insurance Co. in Hartford, Conn. He felt there was a more stable future in insurance, and he must have been right; he would not still be playing football with the Giants, but he is still with Aetna. An Army pilot during the war, he settled in Wellesley, Mass. and is now the northeast manager of Aetna's Affiliated Companies' Group and Pension Department. He is engaged in a multitude of community affairs, including service as president of Wellesley's nationally known mental health organization.

### GENERAL ALBIN F. IRZYK, MASSACHUSETTS

In football Albin F. Irzyk played quarterback. He made up for his slight size (5 feet 3, 149 pounds) by aggressiveness, and the bigger the foe he hit, the more he glowed. The son of Polish immigrants, he worked his way through school by holding numerous jobs and "sleeping very little." He joined the Army immedi-

CONTINUED

ately after graduation, earned a battlefield promotion to lieutenant colonel at 28 and received many medals—including the DSC and two Croix de Guerre—mainly for his exploits as a commander of tanks in General George Patton's Third Army, where his feats earned him the nickname "Rusky." Now stationed at NATO headquarters in France, General Irvy remains a formidable figure. He does not drink, smoke or enjoy small talk. "I am not," he says, "an amusing man." But he is—as ever—a competitive man, one who savors combat, be it on a football field or the battlefield.

#### FRANK L. IVY, OKLAHOMA

To the spectators in the stands Frank Ivy was a helmeted and formidable All-America end, but to his teammates he was a balding boy and so they called him "Pop." After college he played with the Chicago Cardinals, fought in Europe at an infantryman, rejoined the Cardinals (in his last season they were champions of the NFL) and then went into coaching. As an assistant under Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma, he helped develop four All-America ends. Moving to the Canadian Football League, he made three-time champions out of the Edmonton Eskimos, and then spent four years as head coach of the Cardinals. In 1962 he went to the Houston Oilers in the American Football League. The Oilers won the Eastern Division title his first year but were 6-8 last season, a record that cost Ivy his job. Now a scout for the New York Giants, he is living in Norman, Okla., and is happy to be there. "I enjoyed coaching," he says. "But there were a lot of headaches that went with it. Even if you won, you didn't have time to think about it. You had to get ready for the next game."

#### EDWIN B. KRAUSE, WESTERN RESERVE

The capacity for labor of Edwin B. Krause showed early. At college he carried a full academic load, won six varsity letters (in football as an end and in basketball as a center), worked in a copper mill, tutored English and held a janitorial job. He managed, meanwhile, to make Phi Beta Kappa, and at graduation received one trophy for being the outstanding senior scholar and another for being the outstanding all-round student. He did not slow down later. From a start pushing a handcart and operating a machine in a Cleveland auto-part supply house, Krause persevered to become president of Madison Industries in Pawtucket, R.I., which makes metal-cutting tools, and the director, as well, of three other companies. His community services include directorships in nearly a dozen organizations.

#### DR. ROBERT M. MCCORMACK, SWARTHMORE

Some acts of heroism are active, some passive. Halfback Robert McCormack's most memorable football moment was not a vicious tackle or a twisting run but a fair catch. Playing safety for Swarthmore, he waited under a Johns Hopkins punt, lifted his arm in the fair-catch signal, caught the ball and then, to his utter dismay, was slammed to the ground by an overenthusiastic Johns Hopkins end—one who was sporting a vividly remembered mustache. Johns Hopkins drew a 15-yard penalty and Swarthmore scored the only TD, to win its biggest game of an undefeated season. That over, it was left for the Germans to shape his career. In two years at an El Paso hospital he worked on 2,000 cases involving hand injuries, most of them caused by German mines. He became not only a distinguished plastic surgeon, but a specialist in hand surgery. Now chief plastic surgeon at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, N.Y., he is also a professor at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and president of the American Society for Surgery of the Hand.

#### DR. HAROLD L. METHOD, NORTHWESTERN

"We were playing Minnesota," recalls former Guard Harold Method. "I hadn't done much of anything, and near the end of the game there I was, flat on my back, when Minnesota fumbled

on its own six-yard line. The ball rolled right into my arms. We scored and won the game. But recovering the fumble was pure luck." Luck or no, lying down on the job helped Method get selected for the College All-Star team that played the Green Bay Packers in Soldier Field (the All-Stars lost 45-28). At Northwestern he combined football with a premedical course. Now a general surgeon specializing in diseases of the pancreas, he is staff president of Passavant Memorial Hospital in Chicago, assistant professor of surgery at the Northwestern medical school and a private practitioner on the city's North Side. A doctor who advises his patients to stay in shape, he does so himself. He weighed 195 as a Northwestern guard and weighs 190 today.

#### RICHARD C. POTTER, PURDUE

A 195-pound tackle for three years at Purdue, Richard Potter had no athletic scholarship and "played football for the fun and challenge of it." He has always been willing to assume risks. For 10 years the associate dean of the school of engineering and architecture at Kansas State, he recently took a hefty pay cut and left a West Coast space laboratory to become director of the University of Louisville Institute of Industrial Research. The Institute is a nonprofit organization that primarily works on engineering problems taken to it by manufacturers. Potter sets two objectives for the Institute: "We want to help educate some of the best engineers of the future and we want to prove that an industrial research organization can be successful without a preponderance of government support."

#### JOSEPH C. SHELL, USC

Joe Shell loves to fly airplanes, is a conservative Republican and has a clean-cut jaw that would break brass knuckles. If that sounds like a description of Barry Goldwater, it figures. The two men have been friends for 20 years. Himself a candidate for governor of California in 1962 (he lost in a primary to Richard Nixon), Shell worked this year as the state's finance chairman for the Goldwater presidential campaign and ran interference for the GOP just as resolutely as he did when he was captain and a valuable blocking back for the undefeated USC team that shut out Tennessee 14-0 in the 1940 Rose Bowl game. After serving as a Navy pilot in World War II, he sold "everything we owned ["we" being a wife and three children], including the house and

### SILVER ANNIVERSARY JUDGES

CARL J. GILBERT, Chairman, The Gillette Company

FRED L. HARTLEY, Executive Vice-President, Union Oil Company of California

MARK O. HATFIELD, Governor of Oregon

VICTOR HOLT JR., President, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company

R. STANLEY LAING, President, National Cash Register Company

LEWIS B. MAYTAG JR., President, National Airlines

CLINTON W. MURCHISON JR., Murchison Brothers

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW, President, First National Bank of Chicago

R. SARGENT SHRIVER, Director of the Peace Corps

NORMAN H. STROUSE, President, J. Walter Thompson Company

SIDNEY N. TOWLE, Headmaster, Kent School

WILLIAM S. VAUGHN, President, Eastman Kodak Company

car" to buy California oil leases. His first well hit. He and a partner eventually brought in 42 more, and Shell is now executive vice-president of the West American Oil Company. Back in the oil business full time as of November 3, Joe Shell is still confident about his own political future and is not discounting the possibility that he might run for governor again in 1986.

#### COLONEL SEYMOUR SHWILLER, WILLIAM A. MARY

A 5-foot-7 170-pounder, Seymour Shwiller played a stout game of running guard at William & Mary, where, on his best afternoon, he made life so miserable for a much vaunted and much larger Richmond linebacker that the latter failed to receive expected all-conference honors. Shwiller's own honors turned out to be scholastic—Phi Beta Kappa. Drafted, he earned an Army Air Corps commission and flew B-17 bombers. After the war he became a nuclear weapons expert for the Air Force, and in 1950 he received a special citation for a study on defense against nuclear attack. He is now a military assistant to the general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission.

#### ALBERT D. SIMPSON, MUHENBERG

The football midget Albert Simpson best remembers was when a hard-pressed Muhlenberg back suddenly threw him a lateral in a game against St. Lawrence. "I didn't want the ball," says Simpson, who played every line position during his varsity career, "so I threw it to a fellow even farther back. He was tackled for a tremendous loss." Simpson has hardly made a backward move since. During the war he developed an invaluable radio proximity fuse, later invented a superaccurate time-measurement standard for the Navy and has since patented numerous other devices. In 1951 he started his own firm—Lehigh Valley Electronics—in a basement, and has seen it expand into a major plant near Allentown, Pa. One of the most respected men in the area, Simpson is active, but quietly active, in civic affairs. "The things he gets involved in benefit everyone but himself," says an Allentown businessman. "He's a big wheel around here, though he doesn't hold a lot of titles to prove it."

#### HAROLD VAN EVERY, MINNESOTA

A close friend says Harold Van Every is "the kind of man who, if you called for help, wouldn't say, 'What's the trouble?' He would say, 'Where are you? I'm coming.'" An all-conference halfback, Van Every played two years with the Green Bay Packers, then flew B-17s until he crashed over Germany, suffering a back injury that still causes him pain. A remarkably successful insurance salesman who avoids high-pressure tactics, he lives in Minneapolis, where one of his major outside interests for the past 17 years has been the Big Brother Organization. He credits his Minnesota coach, Bernie Bierman, with teaching him a philosophy of success. "He made us do things we didn't want to do in practice," says Van Every, "and later made us see how they paid dividends. The common denominator of success is making a habit of doing what unsuccessful men don't like to do." A man of deep ideals and religious conviction, he has said: "If you help your brother's boat across the river, you'll get across too."

#### DON L. WALTER, CAL TECH

Playing end for the California Institute of Technology—then 600 students strong and granting no athletic scholarships—Don Walter recalls that "the scores against us escalated so fast we were lucky to have so many mathematics in uniform." Surviving his athletic debacle, he earned a Master of Science degree in aeronautics, and is now vice-president and a member of the board of the Marquardt Corporation, a company that develops and produces such sophisticated hardware as ramjet engines, electronic trainer simulator systems and attitude-control rocket systems. His description of himself: "ambitious."

#### JOHN WINTERHOLLER, WYOMING

One of the best athletes ever to attend the University of Wyoming—he won 12 varsity letters, including four as a halfback in football—John Winterholler turned down offers to play professional baseball after graduation and went instead to Marine officer-training school. Stationed in Manila when the Japanese attacked, he won two battlefield decorations, the Silver Star and the Bronze Star, before Corregidor fell. He survived the Bataan Death March, but by the time he was liberated from a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in 1945 his weight had fallen from 170 to 125, he was paralyzed from the waist down and was near death from malnutrition. He was returned to Corona Naval Hospital, where he helped organize a wheelchair basketball team called the Rolling Devils. Discharged from the hospital after four years, he earned a public-accounting degree and now works in Oakland, Calif. as an administrative assistant for a doctor who first treated him at the hospital. And he is still a sportsman. When the 1963 deer season opened, he went out with eight medical men to hunt on a ranch near Santa Cruz. They stationed him on a promontory, hoping something would come his way. Four hours later the party came back, empty-handed. But Winterholler had his back.

#### COLONEL FREDERICK S. YEAGER, U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY

When candidates for the 1936 plebe football team assembled, Frederick Yeager was there. He remembers an inspirational address by the head coach and then an order for ends to go to one part of the field, backs to another, etc. "Guys rushed off in all directions," he says, "until the coach and I were standing alone. He asked me what position I played and I said, 'Sir, I've never played football.' He looked at me as if I was crazy. Then he picked the smallest group, which was the ends, and he said, 'O.K. You look like an end to me.'" An end he became, and a good enough one to play three years with the varsity. Like John Winterholler, he was on the Bataan Death March. When he reached the prison camp he found a man who spoke Russian, and three and a half years later Yeager had learned enough Russian to become a linguist. After teaching Russian at West Point for three years, he served at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow in the early '50s. "It was a fascinating experience," says Yeager. "I was there for the death of Stalin and the rise and fall of Beria. I guess I saw the turning point in Soviet life." He was later sent by the Army to Princeton, where his abilities eventually earned him two master's degrees and a Ph.D., and he is now in England attending the Imperial Defense College, Britain's top school for staff officers. He is as brilliant, intense and dedicated as ever, and as lean and fit as when he entered West Point. There has been one change. When he took his annual physical this year he listed the color of his hair as black. "Well, sir," said the clerk, "I'll let it go this time, but next year we'd better say gray."

#### DR. WALTER ZIMDAHL, SYRACUSE

"They called me 'the opportunist,'" recalls Walter Zimdahl, who made his way through medical school after three seasons as a Syracuse fullback, by washing dishes, sweeping out the gym, helping in the county morgue and scouring test tubes. Summers he worked in a drugstore, where he learned to hold eight ice cream cones in one hand, yet he was not too busy to be named president of his class four straight years. While in the Army he became chief of the Cardiovascular Section of the Duesene Research Institute of the Army Medical Center at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Now a heart specialist in Buffalo, he helped develop a polio unit capable of handling a greatly increased number of respiratory cases, assisted in establishing a hearing and speech center and set up a "heart kitchen" for disabled patients. He has published many papers on cardiovascular diseases and is extremely active in medical association projects. "He is a man," says a friend, "who likes to run things." **END**

## A GIGANTIC MIDGET AMONG GIANT MEN

Alex Karras (see cover), who earns his livelihood as a defensive tackle for the Detroit Lions, stands 6 feet 2 and weighs 250 pounds. He is a giant by any standards other than pro football's. He is, however, a runt among pro football tackles, many of whom weigh 25 to 30 pounds more and are an inch or two taller. But Karras is enormously strong for his size—he has the arms and chest and shoulders of a 300-pounder. Even so, he must use guile rather than weight to carry out a defensive tackle's job: rushing the quarterback. Merlin Olsen of the Los Angeles Rams, being abundantly equipped with size, strength and 275 pounds, plays the same position differently. And Henry Jordan, long the key man in the great Packer defensive line, has still another approach. The pictures on these pages and the story that follows define the job and discuss the problems that beset both the Lilliputians and the Brobdingnagians of pro football's defensive tackles.

**After juking a blocker off balance, Karras moves into enemy backfield**





Karras slides by Ram Guard Joe Scibelli to get hand on Quarterback Roman Gabriel







## NUANCES OF THE INSIDE PASS-RUSH

by **TEX MAULE**

"Pass-rush is the game I play," says Detroit's Alex Karras, one of the three best defensive tackles in pro football. "If you can't get to the passer, you're in trouble. If you can't get to Bart Starr, for example, he'll kill you. The Packers may hurt you running and they do a lot, but the big thing you have to do as a defensive tackle is to get to the passer."

Karras is a studious defensive tackle who spends hours during the week looking at movies of the play of the offensive guard he will face Sunday. "For a time, the guards figured I always liked an outside route," he said. "Some of them even got in the habit of taking an extra step to the outside to make sure they could cut me off. I didn't realize myself that I had settled into that pattern until I watched movies of me."

After analyzing the movies, Karras started faking to the outside and breaking back to the inside, and he has been notably successful, except against Alex Sandusky, the offensive guard of the Baltimore Colts.

"He gives me more trouble than any other guard in the league," Karras says frankly. "I study him in the movies and I figure out what he has figured out I am going to do, then I do something else. Like the outside route. I would really rather have an inside route to the passer because that's the shortest, and I figure you only have maybe between three and four seconds to get to the quarterback, anyway. We don't have inside and outside defenses on the Lions [where both tackles will close to the inside but some-

times loop to the outside, depending upon the middle linebacker to close the hole in the middle of the line]. We get to the passer the best way we can, and we don't depend on the middle linebacker to protect us. So when I found out I was favoring the outside, I thought, against Sandusky, I'd fake to the outside and come back and catch him. He's short and quick and he has great balance and agility and good anticipation, but I was sure he would be playing me wide. But he had been looking at the movies, too, and I found out he was closing to the inside and giving me the outside."

Karras has extremely bad eyesight and wears thick glasses off the field, but he wears no glasses when he is playing, so that he sometimes has trouble recognizing the player across the line of scrimmage from him. His brother, Ted Karras, plays offensive guard for the Chicago Bears. Luckily for the Karras brothers, Alex and Ted usually play on opposite sides of the line, so that they rarely meet face to face.

"I usually get Roger Davis when we play Chicago," Alex says. "I know it's Davis from the movies, since I can't see him well enough to tell at the line of scrimmage. One game, Davis is holding and elbowing and I got tired of it, and I told him, 'You do that once more and it's me and you.' So he held me again on the next play, and I decided to straighten him out."

On the following play Karras devoted all of his attention to punishing the guard in front of him. Since he is an enormous-

ly strong man, he knocked the guard down and stepped on him. When the play was over, the guard climbed painfully to his feet and looked at Alex angrily. "Are you nuts, Alex?" he said. "I'm your brother."

"The Bears flopped the guards," Alex says. "I didn't know it was Ted until it was all over. He was pretty mad at me for a while."

Karras has had no difficulty finding the quarterback, despite his poor eyes. "Some of them you almost never trap," he says. "Untas, for example. Even if I happen to beat Sandusky, I very seldom dump Johnny, because he has a quick release. His arm is cocked high and you may be right on top of him, but he flicks that arm and fires before you can get a hand on him."

Oddly, Karras and the Lions have not had a great deal of trouble with scramblers like Fran Tarkenton of the Minnesota Vikings. "We try to keep him in the cup," Karras says. "The defensive ends take a wide route to contain him, and Roger Brown and I put on the pressure up the middle. When he's running around and avoiding tacklers, he's a tremendous thrower. But when he has to stay in the cup, he's not as effective. So our rush is designed to keep him in it."

Merlin Olsen, who is in his third year as a defensive tackle with the Rams, has a different view of Tarkenton. "I hate to play against him," Olsen says. "I hate to play against scramblers. When you are running and cutting and dodging around in the backfield, it's dangerous. You're set up for blind-side blocks, you're off balance a good deal of the time and I bet you would find that most defensive-tackle injuries come against scrambling quarterbacks. Besides that, it makes for a pretty long afternoon when you're running hard play after play."

If a defensive line coach were to draw up a blueprint for a defensive tackle, it would very likely come out looking just like Olsen. "He has all of it," says Harland Svare, the young Ram head coach.

*continued*

**Double-teamed, Karras splits blockers to penetrate**

"Great size, deception, speed, wonderful agility. And he's smart. He's 5'9"; better this year than he was a year ago."

Olsen is an aggressive tackle. As a rookie, he was too aggressive, as almost all rookies are. "It's only this year that I have started trying to read the blocks by three linemen instead of the block on me by the guard in front of me," he says. "The Lions stung me a couple of times this year on what we call a behind play. The guard in front of me would pull to his left, and I'd start to his left because the play looked like a power sweep going that way. Then they would hand off to a back coming against the flow of the play into the hole I had just left. I took it as a compliment, because they don't use that play on bad tackles. But then I got the feel of it, and I stayed put a little longer. It slowed down my pursuit. And that's what it is designed to do."

"That first year, all I wanted to do was blow in there," Olsen continues. "I never tried to read trap or draw or screen. If the guard gave me an alley, I'd say, 'Where, here I come!' and I'd barrel in as hard as I could go, and I'd get trapped or a draw would go by me or they'd throw a screen. Now I try to read the blocks and I don't get caught much. Of course, I don't always read the block right, either. Against the Eagles, the guard came out of the huddle, and when he lined up I sensed he wanted an outside position. I asked myself, 'Why would he want that?' and I figured it must be a draw and he wanted to pull me out with him, and I figured I'd give him the outside and close the middle. Well, it was a screen to Ollie Matson, and it cost us a touchdown. I did get through and nearly caught Ollie from behind, but if I had worked to the outside I might have got him. You learn something all the time."

Olsen, who was an A student at Utah State University, also studies his present profession assiduously. "I've watched movies of tackles," he says. "Guys like Dave Hanner with Green Bay. He's one of the smartest in the league. He is never fooled by a draw or a screen, and it's because he reads the blocks. You can see the guard try to give him an outside route so he'll clear the middle of the line for the draw, and Hanner senses the route the guard is offering him and closes the middle. Or, on a screen, you can see him read the soft block the guard puts on, trying to lure him deep so the screen will be successful behind him, and he'll peel

off to the outside instead to break up the screen. These are things you learn only by experience."

Although Olsen agrees with Karras on Sandusky's ability as a guard, he rates Jerry Kramer of the Packers, who is a casualty this year, and John Gordy, of the Lions, as the two best he has met.

"They are entirely different," he says. "Gordy is a lot like Sandusky. He drops back fast and dares you to come get his quarterback. He's stubborn and he stays there in front of you taking punishment and dropping back and taking more punishment and staying between you and the quarterback. Sandusky does the same thing. Kramer, on the other hand, will pop you now and then, meeting you at the line of scrimmage and giving you a good shot. Then the next time he may drop back, or he may cut you down or leg-whip you, so you never know what he is going to do."

Unlike Karras and the Packers' Henry Jordan, both of whom are so small that a blast block—a driving straight-ahead block by the guard designed to pry a hole for a back—gives them trouble, Olsen is big enough and strong enough to take a blast block and keep going.

"I don't worry about the guard on me," he says. "I feel that I can handle him. I try to read the blocks of the center and the tackle then. Sometimes the center will help on me, or sometimes the tackle will block down on me. I try to read them so that I can break away for pursuit."

He is also learning something that Karras now knows very well after six years, three of them as an All-League tackle. "You can't get to the passer every time," Karras says philosophically. "If you reach him two or three times in a game, you have done a good job. But if you can occupy a blocker, or sometimes two blockers, maybe someone else will get by him and reach the passer."

Olsen, like Karras, is often the object of the attention of two blockers, a real compliment for a defensive tackle. "It can be very discouraging," Olsen says. "I mean, you beat the guard and you feel like you're home free, and all at once the center pops you in the ribs. I used to worry about it more, but now I know that if I have occupied two blockers probably someone else is going to break loose."

This year, for the first time, Olsen feels that he is working well in the close team

play in the center of the line—the way Karras and Roger Brown, his running mate at tackle, coordinate their efforts instinctively.

"My rookie year, I was always getting tangled up in the middle of the line with John LoVetere, who was then playing the other tackle," Olsen says. "I'd take an inside route, and he'd go to the inside and the guards loved it. With both of us going inside, they'd jam us together and it would be like trying to break through three guys. John would be squeezed up against me on one side and my guard and his guard would be in front, and there wasn't any place to go. Then, last year, when Rosey Grier played the other tackle, I began watching to see which way Rosey would go, and if he went inside I went outside and the traffic jam opened up a little. But last year it was not instinctive. I had to think about it and I lost time, and I didn't get to the passer. Now I know without thinking what Rosey is going to do, and he knows what I do and I'm on schedule. I just fire out."

After the game against the Packers a couple of weeks ago in Green Bay, Karras was, naturally enough, despondent. The Lions had lost 30-7; Karras had played strongly, but the Green Bay defense—with Henry Jordan running around the Detroit backfield as though he belonged there—had played even more strongly, and the Green Bay offense had held the ball most of the afternoon.

"This is a good defense," Karras said. "It hurt to lose Joe Schmidt, but this is still a good defense. It may be as good as the defense we had in 1962, when we might have set every defensive record in the book if we hadn't been on the field most of every game. You have to have some rest."

In the Packer dressing room the last man to leave was Henry Jordan. He sat slumped on a stool in front of his locker, fully dressed, with a cup of coffee in his hand, staring at the floor.

Vince Lombardi, the Packer coach, came out of the coaches' dressing room and looked at him.

"You all right, Henry?" he asked. Jordan looked up and smiled and nodded.

"Sure," he said. "I'm just tired. You get tired out there chasing 'em, Coach."

"As long as you beat the cup, it's worth it," someone else said, and Jordan nodded. Olsen and Karras would have agreed.

END

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"I won't be back until I've caught up on my fishing," said White House Press Secretary **George Reedy** as he headed out for an Acapulco vacation. A friend, who knew Reedy's appetite for the sport, said, "Too bad—we'll never see you again." But 10 days in Acapulco were enough even for greedy Reedy. He caught six sailfish, two over nine feet long and one big enough to give him a five-hour battle. And to make up for the manta ray that got away, Reedy shot three ducks and 10 pigeons, and ate most of them before **L.B.J.** called him back to work.

The horse named **Briar Patch** did not win any blue ribbons at the National Horse Show and nobody really expected he would. But so often any possible disappointment, his compassionate owner, **Mrs. Huntington Hartford**, had his stall in the Madison Square Garden basement carpeted in something blue from wall to wall.

Once a pretty fair country pitcher, **Dizzy Dean**, 53, has now been declared a better-than-

fair country music man. In Nashville last week some 3,700 country music enthusiasts christened him "U.S. Fan No. 1." Accepting the honor humbly and respectfully, Dizzy staid up and down the scale a few times with *The Wabash Cannonball* to show his appreciation.

The only legitimately elected mayor in the nation who also plays high school football scored his fifth touchdown last week as his team finished the season with eight wins, one loss and one tie. Halfback **Jack Kelly** (18, and no kin to the Princess of Monaco) is mayor of Boys Town, Neb. And when not busy winning letters in football, basketball and track at the local high school, he presides with stern efficiency over the teen-aged City Council.

Early-morning romps over the rooftops of London may or may not have contributed indirectly to his romp to victory over a Labor opponent while other Tories fell to earth, but reelected Conservative M.P. **Sir Hamilton Kerr** (left) promises to continue them just as vigorously as he has for the past 40 years. Every morning Ham—the sharpest dresser in the House—leaps out of bed as chilly dawn, nips up to the roof of his block of flats suited only in shorts and vest (Americans will please read underwear) and sweater, soapsaps about purposefully for 10 minutes, comes down for a cold bath and finishes off with a Yoga headstand and several press-ups (American readers will please substitute push-ups).

**Jake LaMotta**—a few pounds heavier—is scheduled to meet **Rocky Graziano**, the cultured yogurt eater, any day now, but only on the silver screen. Both will appear in a flick called *The Doctor*. Jake doesn't box anymore; in fact, he doesn't even dare enter a gym. "When I go to a gym," says the former middleweight champion, who as

belled as the Bronx Bull of Comedy on the supper club circuit, "I want to box, but I'm 43 years old now and I can't take it. Neither," adds the ex-middleweight with a touch of pride, "could the kids who might want to box with me."

"Some people call deer hunting a sport," said Society's Friendly Undertaker **Cleveland Amory** before a meeting of the Tarrant County Humane Society last week. "But has the animal really got a chance?" It will if Amory gets his Hunters Hunt Club started. "We shall define conservation for hunters the way they define conservation for deer," he says. "We don't want to get rid of all the hunters—just thin the herd a little. You've noticed how hunters are crowding the woods. It's unhealthy. They breed like flies. But he doesn't want to be misunderstood: 'This club has restrictions. We don't bag the quarry inside city limits or in parked cars or during its dating season.' Some Dallas-Fort Worth hunters approved—with reservations. The rest formed a Hunterhunters Hum Club.

"It's harder than running for reelection," said **Adam Clayton Powell**, after several unsuccessful attempts to stay upright on a surfboard on Waikiki's waves. In Honolulu with the former **Mike Ohio** (secretary Corrine Huff) and Chief Investigator **Odell Clark** on a trip combining pleasure with business, as usual, New York's Jammer Congressman was willing to talk to reporters about everything from New York's race riots to his Sunday-only visits to the city (to avoid arrest). Powell backed away from only one query: about **Cassius Clay**. "Sorry," he said, "I don't rhyme verses."

Wherever it was that called horse racing the "sport of kings" should have been in London this week. If there were any kings at the local racetracks, they weren't letting on, but the annual meet-

ing of the International Yacht Racing Union, presided over by defeated America's Cup Skipper **Peter Scott**, boasted at least two reigning monarchs, **King Olav** of Norway and **King Constantine** of Greece, both of whom were Olympic gold medalists. And Britain's best-known yachtsman, **Prince Philip**, who is a kind of king, was an interested observer.

The easy grace and dignity were still there, but a conservative blue business suit had replaced navy blue pinstripes on white flannel. The eyes were still forthright, even if the crow's-feet around them had scratched a little deeper and the black hair, still full and close-cropped, had turned to gray. At the half-century mark, **Joe DiMaggio** looked joltingly tanned, trim and fit as San Francisco tossed him a birthday party. The only thing that seemed to have deteriorated was the famous swing. No matter how the news photographers strained to make that phony bat look real (*throw*), Joe looked exactly like a man taking a cut at a cake.



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## You can learn from a telltale divot mark



The golf swing takes place so rapidly that it is often impossible to detect the key mistake that causes a bad shot. There is one way, however, to find some important clues. You can compare the direction of the divot mark with the trajectory of the shot.

The most obvious example of what I mean is supplied by the divot mark that cuts across the line to the target from right to left. This significant mark in the turf has obviously been created by an outside-in swing. If the club face was closed at impact the shot will be pulled to the left. If the club face was square, the shot will slice.

But more subtle clues to faults in the swing can also be found in divots. If the divot mark goes straight toward the target but the ball goes to the left, it has probably been hit with a closed club face. This is usually the result when too much right hand has been applied to the shot just before impact. If the divot mark is straight but the ball starts to the right and slices even farther right, the ball has been hit with an open club face. This is often caused by the hands getting too far ahead of the ball at impact. If the divot mark starts straight and then veers left you have probably shifted too much weight on to the left foot and let the left side give way—or collapse.

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*A divot mark pointing left of the hole means the club head came outside in, a mistake that is otherwise hard to detect because the shot may go either left or right.*

FRANCIS COLSON



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Officially, Hawaii is the 50th state, but geographically and psychologically it is adrift from the rest of the U.S. Its eight islands are moored in the far-off Pacific, some 2,500 miles west of Pebble Beach, and mainlanders see it only through an exotic haze of coconut palms, ukuleles and swiveling hula skirts. In golf, however, Hawaii shares a strong interest not only with the other 49 states but with most of the world as well. The island golfers have long been good, and their feeling for the game ranges from avid to seething. Thus it is fitting that the first truly major sports event to be played in the state of Hawaii will be a golf tournament, the Canada Cup. The 12th annual Canada Cup matches bring the world's best golfers to the Royal Kaaanapali Golf Course, hard by the Royal Lahaina and Sheraton hotels on the island of Maui, for four days of play next week. Two-man teams of professionals from 33 golfing countries will compete over 72 holes for two prizes, the International Trophy (for low individual score) and the Canada Cup (for low team score), and though the golfers get expenses, a liberal guarantee and some prize money, what really matters at the Canada Cup are the trophies, the

prestige and the multilingual fellowship.

In taking the tournament to Hawaii the International Golf Association has made a fine choice of venue. The Royal Kaaanapali course is a sound one, long, tough and designed by Robert Trent Jones. What is more, the course is a kind of preview of Hawaii's golf future. The islands, a mixture of thick jungle, wide stretches of plain, still-frothing volcanoes and lava-studded desert, will soon be dotted with some of the world's foremost golfing spas. Until recently only a man who hated pineapple corporations would bet that golf and tourists who play it could become this faraway state's biggest industry. But a combination of superb climate, the native enthusiasm for the game and a rich flow of dollars from real estate developers who hold golf and gold in about equal esteem is transforming the islands. Laurance Rockefeller, Henry J. Kaiser, American Factors, Ltd., Sheraton Corporation and the Janss Corporation are just a few of the big spenders who are investing heavily in the unique blend of tourism and golf that Hawaii provides. Their expenditures on facilities with golf courses will top \$200 million in 10 years.

Hawaii's golfing link with the rest of

*continued*

GOLF / Gwilym S. Brown

## Where duffers fall for the aloha push

**Hawaii, a state that can boast of  
weird bets and a golf course in  
a volcano, hosts the Canada Cup**



ROYAL KAAANAPALI, THE TOURNAMENT SITE, HAS MATCHLESS SCENERY, LOTS OF WIND, FEW TREES AND (RIGHT) A LAVISH HOTEL

the U.S. is a perfectly natural one. Appearance to the contrary, this state is not the moon—though it does have a golf course in the crater of an active volcano. Hawaiian golfers do hit a little white ball and, as everywhere, the game was introduced by determined Scots playing in a cow pasture. The first score was made in the late 1800s by two members of the old Scottish Thistle Club of Honolulu, Alexander Garvie, a bookkeeper, and John Cook, a cashier. Golf is as infectious a disease as any treated at the Mayo Clinic, and the contagion spread quickly under the warm Pacific sun. In the 1890s the first formal course was constructed at Moanalua, near Honolulu, and Hawaii's first golf trophy was made—a large polished calabash with Scottish thistles mounted here and there on it. On the eve of his final departure for Samoa, Robert Louis Stevenson was given a small gold replica of one of the thistles. He wore it in his coat lapel when he was buried in 1894 on the top of Samoa's Mount Vaea.

In 1906 Hawaii's first truly championship course, the Oahu Country Club, was opened for play, and for the next 20 years it hosted most of the island's major tournaments. The first Hawaiian Open was held in 1928 at the then new Waialae Country Club, and it drew a strong field of leading U.S. professionals. Wild Bill Mehlhorn won the event,

and was astonished by the large crowds that showed up each day in time to tramp through the early-morning dew. "They are golf-minded," he said. "They come early and stay late."

Even Mehlhorn could not have conceived of what coming early and staying late really meant until the first public course, Palolo, was opened in 1930. Up to that time golf had been a leisurely and genteel pastime enjoyed almost solely by the upper-income families of Hawaii—Caucasians for the most part—who could afford to be country club members. Now came a different breed, the public-links golfer. Those who slapped down their daily greens fee at the new course became known as the Palolo Gang, and they began to dominate competitive golf in Hawaii. Today 90% of Hawaii's best amateurs are public-course players. Palolo was plowed under in 1942 to make room for a wartime housing project, but its role has been filled by the Ala Wai municipal course, just behind Waikiki. In 1960 the National Public Links Championship was held at Ala Wai, which is now staggering under the burden of 118,000 rounds a year. This is about the same number as are played annually on all of Pinehurst's five courses.

The Ala Wai golfer is a member of a tough, competitive group. He has to be just to get on the overcrowded course. He must sleep in his car outside the clubhouse on Wednesday or Thursday night to be in line in the morning to sign up for Saturday or Sunday starting times. Once on the course, he still has to be alert to defend himself. In 1957, apparently protecting his starting time like a mother lion her cubs, one George Leong attacked one Ivan Fujimaki on the first tee with the best weapon that fell to hand, his driver. Fujimaki ended up in the hospital, sued and was awarded \$5,000 by a jury unsympathetic to crimes of passion. There was also the case of the Honolulu sheriff who blew his official top upon finding that his golf ball had been trampled into the Ala Wai turf. He quickly located the offending foot, then handcuffed and arrested its owner and took him off to jail.

Ala Wai is the pacesetter with respect to another frenetic aspect of Hawaiian golf—gambling. Golf-course betting can be pretty hazardous anywhere, but in Hawaii this form of amusement has its own unique risk, or—as the hustlers like

to think—charm. A visitor, for instance, must never confuse the salutation "aloha" with "aloha push." The former, of course, means "greetings." A rough translation of the latter would be "greetings, sucker." The aloha push is a singularly virulent form of that American country club favorite, the press bet. It can be part of a game called a pake, in which bets pyramid with successive holes until the 9th tee—or the clubhouse—is reached. On 9 the players can go for a climactic double-or-nothing, the aloha push. If the bet is not all even after the first nine, another double-or-nothing wager is made on the second nine. Hawaiian history has it that King Kamehameha conquered the islands by pushing a 2,000-man enemy army over a 1,200-foot cliff, and if that isn't the derivation of the name aloha push it ought to be.

Surviving the risks, financial as well as physical, has given Hawaiian public-links golfers considerable competitive polish—enough, in fact, for them to bring home the U.S. Public Links team championship in 1957 and 1961.

Hawaiians have earned golfing glory for their state in other areas as well. Jackie Pung, a chubby and extroverted mixture of Irish, German, French and Hawaiian, won the U.S. Women's Amateur at Portland, Ore. in 1952 and then shocked tournament officials by doing a hula at the presentation ceremony. Five years later, by then a leading professional, she won the U.S. Women's Open, only to be disqualified for an inadvertent scoring error. Merrill Carlsmith, a short (5 feet 6), muscular (185 pounds) attorney from Hilo on the island of Hawaii, won the U.S. Senior Amateur Championship in both 1962 and 1963. Carlsmith, now 59, took up the game 41 years ago at Kilauea, that course inside a volcano. Its greens were of black lava dust and its fairways strewn with emerald-colored olivines, a semiprecious stone produced by volcanic heat.

But neither of these golfers has famous in Hawaii as 72-year-old Francis H. Brown of Honolulu, a former state senator, war hero, nine-time Hawaiian amateur golf champion, California and Japanese amateur champion, minor league baseball executive and patron of sport. Brown is descended on his mother's side from forebears who stood high in the councils of Hawaiian monarchs, and on his father's side from one of the first families of New England. He holds the

*continued*

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BY Taylor

## GOLF continued

course record at Pebble Beach, a 64, which has stood for 37 years, and has driven the 350-yard 12th hole at Waialae, a feat that such long hitters as Jimmy Thomson, Sam Snead and George Bayer failed to duplicate.

Hawaiians would like to hope that next week's Canada Cup matches will produce two more folk heroes, for the islands will have their own two-man team competing. Ted Makalena and Paul Scodeller. (Superficially, it seems the U.S. now has four golfers in the tournament, what with Palmer and Nicklaus too. But the tournament committee thought it would be nice to have a local entry.) Makalena, a stocky Hawaiian native constructed along the lines of Jackie Pang and Merrill Carlsmith, reigns as head pro over the orderly mayhem at Ala Wai. Scodeller, born in Pekin, Ill. but a 10-year resident of Hawaii, is head pro at the Navy-Marine course. Scodeller's club is almost as popular as Makalena's (110,000 rounds were played at Navy-Marine last year) and he too has his own special problem: military brass. Three frequent visitors to the course are Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp Jr., commander in chief of the U.S. forces in the Pacific (CINCPAC), Admiral Thomas Moorer, Pacific fleet commander, and Vice Admiral Bernard Clarey, CINCPAC fleet's deputy commander.

"Things being what they are in Vietnam," says Scodeller, "each of them carries a walkie-talkie on the course. Occasionally Clarey's command will radio for advice about something and he'll refer them over to Moorer, on a different fairway. When Moorer is reached, he'll pass it on to Sharp, a few more sand traps away. Other golfers complain that they sometimes miss shots because of the squawking of the radios."

Makalena and Scodeller believe they have a good chance to win the team championship for Hawaii—and it is noteworthy that in the 11 years of Canada Cup play the host country has won three times—but this year's field looks far too tough for the locals. Nicklaus and Palmer are heavy favorites to make it five victories in a row for the U.S. To do so, they must defeat the young but seasoned team of Bruce Crampton and Bruce Devlin of Australia; the Spaniards, Angel Miguel and Ramón Sota (Sota was on the surprising Spanish team that fared so well at last year's Canada Cup in Paris); and some not-

to-be-ignored fellows like Gary Player, Chi Chi Rodriguez, Roberto de Vicenzo and Bob Charles.

One thing that could scramble the result is wind—the friend of the golfing long shot. Getting acquainted with the wind at Royal Kaaunapali is like trying to get friendly with Chou En-lai. The course, partly because it is only two years old, is a walk on the bleak side. Its scattered palm trees break the wind about as much as a telephone pole would a cyclone, and this is a fierce and fractious wind, one that swoops in off Auau Channel. It fluctuates so wildly that it will change direction abruptly while a shot is in the air. There are 107 sand traps on the 7,179-yard course to catch windblown shots, and the 13th, 14th and 15th holes wrap around a 2,000-foot-long lagoon. The greens are big—an average of 15,000 square feet—and roll precipitously.

Another hazard may be the condition of the course. Architect Jones's original estimate called for a construction cost of \$500,000 to \$600,000. Then he discovered that the course site lay on heavy rock. By the time the first nuke was blasted out of unyielding Maui, the original budget for the entire 18 holes had been surpassed. Final construction costs for the course, which opened in 1962 as the centerpiece for a resort-hotel complex that is 30 minutes by air from Honolulu, will be close to \$2 million. A course with only a thin layer of soil needs plenty of fresh water, and there is a shortage of fresh water on Maui. The fairways have suffered as a result, with two of them becoming so badly eroded that they had to be rebuilt this year. The greens, meanwhile, have been plagued by army worms. In Hawaii the defense against army worms is the myna bird, which feeds on them at night. Unfortunately, myna birds like to live in trees. Instead of trees, Royal Kaaunapali has worms.

But in the last few weeks the course has looked much improved, and the setting is spectacular. Win or lose, the world's top golfers are going to enjoy their days of trying to give each other the aloha push on the links and their evenings of gazing at the Hawaiian surf from the terraces of the Sheraton-Maui and Royal Lahaina. And if they begin to complain about the condition of Royal Kaaunapali, old Merrill Carlsmith can ask them how they would like to play a course in a volcano crater and putt on greens of lava dust.

END



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## Roses for Wolverines, blues for Buckeyes

Almost as though it were written in the stars, Michigan said goodbye to 14 egregious years and merrily avenged Ohio State's past indignities as it won a big trip to the Rose Bowl

Dr. Hazel Losh is a slight, bright-eyed woman who teaches astronomy at the University of Michigan and, according to an underclass in-group exaggeration, grades on an A-B-C curve: A for athletes, B for boys, C for coeds. This is not so much an injustice to Dr. Losh's considerable teaching ability as it is a tribute to her avocation—she is some red-hot football fan. Last Thursday evening, with the snow coming down and the temperature dropping to a point where little bright-eyed astronomy professors should be home curled up with their Copernican theory, Dr. Losh made a speech on the steps of the library. The snow was piling up on Doc Losh's gray head and on the heads of 4,000 Michigan pep rallyers, the Michigan band, cheerleaders and the Michigan football team as she spoke—with feeling—of the frustrations of not having won a Big Ten championship or having gone to the Rose Bowl for 14 years, or of having done much to stop Butler Old Rival Ohio State from going. Her jaw set in a firm, firm line, she assured her audience that this year, goodness knows, was different, that the last pep rally had been for the Michigan State game (won by Michigan for the first time since 1955), this one was for Ohio State (to be won by Michigan for the first time since 1959) and the next would be for the Rose Bowl game (attended, and won, by Michigan last in 1951). Every fresh inflammatory sentence delivered in her downy monotone drew a huge cry of pleasure from the crowd, and some snowballs. She concluded, "Remember this. Scholarship is not the only important thing at Michigan. Go, Blue!"

The crowd had barely settled down from this inspirational voltage when Coach Chalmers (Bump) Elliott brought members of his team forward, some of them with giant signs plastered to their backs reading: OPERATION HARDNOSE.

BEAT OHIO STATE. They had worn them to class all week. "It may be cold tonight," said Bump, who has had more than a few cold nights in five years of coaching at Michigan, "but it will be hot out there [in Columbus] on Saturday." He did not say "for Ohio State" because Bump Elliott is a very nice man whose speeches and on-the-record quotes are impeccably unrevealing, but there was enough innuendo to get a loud cheer and a few more snowballs. And, as it turned out, there was enough fact. On Saturday, Professor Elliott's scholars dispatched Ohio State convincingly 10-0.

On hindsight, it is unthinkable that the outcome could have been different. Had the Wolverines lost, as Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes promised they would, something—or someone—surely would have died on the Michigan campus, to be found only at the spring thaw, or never. Football feeling there was not just high, it was astronomical, a phenomenon to be charted like an asteroid by Dr. Losh.

Michigan had not done well in the years preceding Elliott, nor had it flourished during his first five years. But almost worse than losing, Elliott's teams played dull football.

There were signs of a change in 1963—Michigan ran on fourth down from its 28-yard line in a game with Purdue. The play failed and Purdue won, but Elliott was beginning to come of age. This year he had the equipment to come all the way. "My philosophy did not change," he said. "My people did."

Most important among his people is senior Quarterback Bob Timberlake, a large (6 feet 4, 215 pounds) student of theology recruited out of Franklin, Ohio. (All four backfield starters and four defensive starters for Michigan are Ohioans.) Timberlake runs like a fullback, leads the team in rushing and passing, kicks extra points and field goals and

scares the pellets off his own kind with reeling option-pitchouts and off-balance flip-laterals. For the first time, too, Elliott had excellent outside speed: sophomore Halfbacks Carl Ward and Jim Detweiler and some fine defensive outfielders named Rick—Sygar and Volk.

But most Big Ten teams have these commodities. The intangibles that put the bounce back into Michigan's deflated football were things like the captaincy of End Jim Conley. "Jim's not big—hell no, he's scrawny—and he might not make anybody's All-America," says a teammate, "but he's tough, and he keeps us hopping." Ward became a Sunday-morning favorite at game-movie time with his voracious backfield blocking—on one play against Illinois he lay in the end zone pounding his fist on the ground after he moved a block, even though the play went for a Michigan touchdown. Ward takes great pride in his blocking. And then there is Guard John Marcum, a tension-easing sensation with his pregame, postgame and during-game monologues. He is any number of characters—a Bolshevik looking for recruits, the head of "secret project S," a pitcherman for a wowed something-or-other—and he can go on as any time. After watching the Wolverines, an Ohio State scout said, "They are not just spirited, or very spirited, but very, very spirited."

With that, and with Timberlake key-noting the finest offense in the league and a defense not far behind it, Michigan won seven of eight games coming up to Ohio State. Its only loss was to Purdue 21-20, when the ball was flipped around twice too often for killing pass interceptions. By early October, however, the Ohio State-Michigan game was looming large—just as it used to every October, but most particularly since the advent of Woody Hayes in 1951. Impres-sionable Michigan fans tend to think

(continued)

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### COLLEGE FOOTBALL (continued)

of Hayes as unbelievable, indestructible and utterly cold-blooded. If there is one thing that sticks in their craws more than his detestable habit of wearing short-sleeved shirts in freezing weather, which Hayes always does, it is the 50-20 lacing he gave Michigan in 1960 when he put his first team back in for a last-minute touchdown and a two-point conversion.

By midweek Bump Elliott had a suspicious eye out for every lingering car near the Michigan practice field and had his managers shooing away the unauthorized. “Nothing new,” he said when asked what was doing. There were, of course, things new. Defensive Coach Bob Hollway devised 16 different buffers and sealers to contain what he figured would be an unbalanced-line Ohio State offense. “Woody always shows us some unbalanced line,” he said, “and he’s stubborn.” Elliott hoped to get more use out of men-in-motion on offense, but Line Coach Tony Mason had spotted something in the Ohio defense that proved to be the grandest flaw of all—State’s fast-reacting linemen consistently followed the tight end when he came across the field on a pass pattern. This very likely could leave Michigan’s wingback open on a trailing pattern behind the tight end—if the time to throw was ever quite right.

Michigan’s loss to Purdue gave Ohio State one big advantage: win or tie, the Buckeyes (5-0 in the conference to Michigan’s 5-1) would win the championship. The Buckeyes did not even have to score, provided Michigan failed to. As it developed, Ohio State did not score—and Michigan did not reciprocate.

The Wolverines seemed to have immediate answers for all problems, beginning with a psychological counterstroke at the shirtsleeved Hayes. Tony Mason, who is shaped much the same as Woody—something like the Liberty Bell—also braved the 20° weather in shirtsleeves.

The 18-mile-an-hour wind whipped around Woody’s legs, and his pants clung to him, but he never flinched. Nor did he waver from his game plan—he ran unbalanced, sending Fullback Willard Sander, a good one, on straight drives off the weak side, then back to the strong, and occasionally trying to spring Halfback Tom Harrington wide or Wingback Bobby Rein on a counter. Sander gained more yards than anybody else (65) but was stopped when the yards



counted most, and Michigan slid out beautifully to meet Barrington before he could turn the corners. The wind was no service to either passer, and by the time State's Don Unverferth was allowed to unwind, the passing situations were too obvious.

The first period passed quickly, neither team able to get a grip on its offense in the terrible chill. Timberlake was at first hothoused by cold hands and got off some wobbly passes. Sensing a chance, State continually pressured Punter Stan Kemp, but in the face of a five-man rush Kemp calmly got each kick away. The first break went to Ohio State—a Timberlake fumble recovered on the Michigan 29. But on third down, Sidhack Rick Volk leaped to break up a down-and-out pass to State End Bob Stock. It was the first of a series of duels between the two which, finally and crushingly, was won by the magnificent Volk.

There was just a minute in the first half when Michigan got a return on the favor. Kemp's windblown 50-yard punt squirmed from the grasp of Rein and John Henderson of Michigan recovered on the Ohio State 20. Quickly Timberlake tried to roll right, experienced a blocking breakdown and came back left to the 17. High in the press box, the anticipated opening

had been seen and was flashed to the bench. Again the play unfolded to the right. Henderson, the split end, went down and cut to the sideline, closely guarded (he was double covered most of the day). On the tight side, Ben Farabee sprinted down and also cut to the right side—and State's linebacker, accepting the bait, followed. After a delay at the line, Wingback Detweiler trailed into the same territory behind Farabee, gathered in Timberlake's perfect spiral at the Ohio State three and turned into the end zone for the only touchdown of the game.

In the Michigan dressing room grown men kissed one another and coaches danced around with yellow roses in their teeth. John Marcum got up and exhorted his revolutionary brothers to march on the Winter Palace and wrest control from the Czar (he said this in Russian no Russian would believe). Elliott said he had not scouted any of the West Coast teams he might face in the Rose Bowl—because nobody wanted to risk failure with undue anticipation. No officials, in fact, had dared vote on the Rose Bowl for fear it would jinx the team. At Michigan last week, a man could tell, there were important things besides scholarship.

## FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

As the 1964 college football season neared an end, bowl committees from Pasadena to Miami scrambled to fill their cards. The lineup: Rose—Michigan (8-1) vs Oregon State (8-2) or USC (6-3); Orange—Alabama (9-0) vs Texas (8-1); Cotton—Arkansas (10-0) vs Nebraska (9-1); Sugar—LSU (7-1-1) vs Syracuse (7-3); Gator, with Florida State (8-1-1), and Liberty, with West Virginia (7-3), each had half a bowl; Waggoner—Mississippi (5-3-1) vs Tulsa (7-2).

### THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OREGON STATE (8-2)  
2. USC (6-3) 3. OREGON (7-2-1)

The season was over, but the West Coast still did not have a team to send against Michigan in the Rose Bowl. Happily, however, the number of candidates was down to two, co-champions USC and Oregon State. The AAWU will choose one after USC plays Notre Dame this Saturday.

vs. Coach Johnny McKay's game plan

for UCLA was hardly novel. Other teams had beaten the Bruins by running up the middle, and McKay figured his Trojans could do it, too. So he turned loose Halfback Mike Garrett, and the UCLA line sagged like wet tissue. Quarterback Craig Ferrig passed for three touchdowns, Rod Sherman ran 38 yards for another and USC romped 34-13.

OREGON STATE, meanwhile, started off against Oregon like a team eager to go nowhere. State fumbled the ball away three times and dropped easy passes. The Beavers were behind 6-0 with 5:43 to play when they got the idea. They moved 41 yards in 11 plays. Booker Washington smashing over from the three-inch line, Steve Clark's kick gave State the victory, 7-6.

WASHINGTON, which needed a minor miracle to earn a trip to Pasadena, had to settle for a 14-0 victory over Washington State when USC and Oregon State won their games. The Huskies rarely looked better, as

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BY Taylor

### COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

Linebacker Rick Redman crashed into the Cougar backfield, and Fullback Jeff Jordan and Halfback Charlie Browning scored.

While the contenders were busy bashing each other, STANFORD and California went at it before 76,780 at Berkeley. Cal's Craig Morton did just what was expected of him. He completed 20 of 36 passes for 247 yards. But Stanford's Dave Lewis, a rangy Chukchannis Indian sophomore quarterback, did

### THE BEST

**BACK OF THE WEEK:** USC's Mike Garrett, a stumpy 185-pound speedball halfback who hits like a 200-pounder, made UCLA's shifting defenses worthless, running through the frustrated Bruins for 199 yards in 28 carries.

**LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK:** Dick Butkus, Illinois' meaty 235-pound linebacker, gave Michigan State a difficult afternoon. He made 16 tackle and once went zooming over the top to stop the Spartans on the goal line.

more. He ran 11 yards for a touchdown, passed 10 to Tackle-eligible Fergus Flanagan for a second and averaged 47.4 yards punting as Stanford took the game 21-3.

COLORADO and Air Force traded fists and touchdowns freely at Boulder, but the Buffs got in the most telling blow—a 91-yard kickoff return by Bill Symons—to upset the cadets 28-23. UTAH, with an ear attuned to any bowl bid, beat Utah State 14-6. NEW MEXICO and ARIZONA STATE also kept their postseason hopes alive, the Lobos with a 20-0 win over Hawaii, Arizona State with a 14-0 victory over Idaho. WYOMING thrashed Brigham Young 31-11, while NEW MEXICO STATE edged Texas Western 13-7, and ARIZONA was held to a 0-0 tie by KSWA STATE.

### THE EAST

**THE TOP THREE:** 1. BERN STATE (9-0)  
2. SYRACUSE (5-0) 3. BOWLING GREEN (5-0)

What had started out as a dismal season—three straight losses and a 1-4 record in mid-October—turned out to be a satisfying one for PENN STATE. Indeed, once the Nittany Lions began beating people there was no stopping them, and last Saturday they ripped Pitt 28-0 for their fifth in a row. Middle Guard Glenn Ressler led a crashing defense that held the Panthers to 64 yards rushing, and Fullback Tom Urbaniak ground out 107 yards and two touchdowns. When Pitt moved to overprotect against Urbanik's inside thrusts, Quarterback Gary Wydan and Halfback Dirk Nye flogged the Panthers with counters and scissors plays. It was sound, resourceful football.

The big game, however, was at Cambridge where HARVARD's quick backs kept Yale hopping frantically. One of them, sophomore Bobby Leo, eventually did in the Elm 18-14 with a 46-yard power sweep in the

*continued*



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### COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

last quarter, PRINCE'S, meanwhile, had to fight desperately to maintain its unbeaten record as a tough Cornell team took liberties with the Tigers' good defense. But Costello lacrosse and his friends ultimately prevailed 17-12. **ARROW'S** treated Columbia's Archie Roberts stubbly—89 yards in losses, only 10 yards in total offense—and beat the Lions 7-0. **DARTMOUTH** thrashed Penn 27-7.

**NOTES** continued down 9-7 to Detroit, took the lead on Jim McGowan's 27-yard run and then sealed off the Titans with Marty Dimezza's 24-yard field goal to win 17-9. **CONGARE**'s Gerry Baradin ran for one touchdown and passed for two more as the Red Raiders whipped Rutgers 20-7 for their best season (17-2) in 29 years. **HOY CRONS** gave retiring Coach Eddie Anderson his 20th victory, a 20-6 decision over Connecticut.

### THE SOUTH

**THE TOP THREE:** 1. ALABAMA (9-0)  
2. LSU (8-4) 3. FLORIDA STATE (8-0)

An awful thing happened to Syracuse on its way to the Sugar Bowl. The Orange got upset by WEST VIRGINIA 28-27. This time the heavy running of Floyd Little and Jim Nance and a 21-7 half-time lead were not quite enough to see the Orange through. Not that Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder was unprepared. Before the game he said he thought West Virginia would throw short passes, with the ends hooking and the backs flaring. And that is precisely what the crisp Mountaineers did. Quarterback Allen McCune caught the Syracuse linebackers lagging and punished them with little hook passes, eight of them to End Milt Clegg. But Bob Dunlevy, the other end, caught the most important one, a 50-yarder for the winning touchdown, 1st, the other Sugar Bowl team, had better luck. The Bengals squeezed past Tulane 13-3.

Not too long ago FLORIDA STATE thought it would never get a chance to play Florida. When the time finally came, the Seminoles were happy to escape with their lives, losing five and tying one. But last Saturday six years of frustration ended at Tallahassee. Steve Tenen reddied Florida's pass defense—the best in the country—for 190 yards, throwing 55 yards to flanker Fred Biletnickoff for a score. Les Muerdock kicked 25-, 34- and 40-yard field goals, and State won 16-7, to earn an invitation to the Gator Bowl.

**WAKE FOREST**'s one-man gang, Fullback Brian Piccolo, played the sweetest music Coach Bill Tate has ever heard. Already the nation's No. 1 rusher, Piccolo smashed North Carolina State inside and out, scoring 21 points to take the scoring lead (with 111 points) as Wake shocked State 27-13. But there was some consolation for the Wolfpack. They backed into the ACC title when NORTH CAROLINA surprised Duke 21-15.

**MIAMI**'s Bob Biletnickoff, a sophomore quarterback with a George Mira flair, softened up Vanderbilt with a touchdown pass,

then ran through the startled Commodores for three scores in three minutes as the Hurricanes won their fourth straight, 35-17. KENTUCKY overtook Tennessee 12-7.

#### THE MIDWEST

**THE TOP THREE: 1. NOTRE DAME (9-0)**  
**2. MICHIGAN (8-0) 3. NEBRASKA (8-1)**

Now Iowa is a believer. The Hawkeyes had a go at unbeaten Notre Dame, and it was like playing Russian roulette. The rude Irish line smothered Gary Snook, holding him to eight completions in 21 attempts. Notre Dame's Johnny Huarte was more judicious with his passing. He tried 10 and completed only four, but one was a 66-yard scoring bomb to End Jack Snow. Bill Wolfki ran for two touchdowns, Nick Eddy got one, and Notre Dame coasted home 28-0.

For most of the season OKLAHOMA had bumbled and fumbled, leaving behind a trail of horrendous mistakes. But not last Saturday. The Sooners met undefeated Nebraska, held on to the ball and beat the Huskers at their own system. Oklahoma hammered away diligently at Nebraska's inside, marching 88 yards to go ahead 10-7 in the last quarter. Then sub Halfback Larry Brown went 48 yards on a run that gave Oklahoma the game 17-7.

"We may have the best chance to go scoreless against Missouri that we have had in my seven years at Kansas," Kansas Coach Jack Mitchell, talking before the season's game, was only kidding, of course. Mitchell was really more worried about his shaky defense. Missouri, with its devastating power sweeps and straight stuff, battered the Jayhawkers for 303 yards and a 34-14 victory, knocking them out of a tie with Nebraska for the Big Eight title.

While Bump Elliott's MICHIGAN team was beating Ohio State 10-0 to win a trip to the Rose Bowl, brother Pete's ILLINOIS club

saved a small slice of its prestige. Linebacker Dick Butkus wrecked Michigan State's offense and Jim Grabowski did the same to the defense, running for 165 yards, mostly on trap plays, as the Illini won 16-0. There was even some small solace for other Big Ten also-rans. PURDUE outscored Indiana 28-22, and WISCONSIN upset Minnesota 14-7.

TULSA's Jerry Rhome and Howard Twilley were at their record-breaking best again. Although plucky Toledo refused to roll over and play dead, Rhome completed 21 of 35 passes for 305 yards and three touchdowns. Twilley caught 11 for 119 yards as the Hurricanes took their seventh game, 39-16. The new records: for Rhome, most rushing and passing plays in a season (415) and in a career (971), for Twilley, most pass-catching yards in a season (1,039).

#### THE SOUTHWEST

**THE TOP THREE: 1. ARKANSAS (8-0-1)**  
**2. TEXAS (8-1) 3. TEXAS TECH (8-0-0)**

For a while it looked as if Texas Tech was going to spoil ARKANSAS' perfect record. Tech had the Porkers caught up in a scoreless game at half time in Lubbock. Then Coach Frank Broyles decided to force Tech to spread its tough defense. He set his ends out wide and told Quarterback Fred Marshall to throw some sideline passes. It worked beautifully. When Tech spread, Tailback Bobby Burnett slipped through the tackles and around the bare Raider flanks to put Arkansas ahead. End Jerry Lamb made a leaping end-zone catch of Marshall's 28-yard pass, and the Porkers had their 11th straight, 17-0.

TCU passers proved they are impartial. They threw six completions and six interceptions as RICE won 31-0. Baylor's Terry Southall tossed a couple away, too, but he saved the big one. It was a six-yard pass to Larry Elkins, and it beat SMU 16-13.

### SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

**Notre Dame over USC.** After a surprisingly tight game, the Irish go unbeaten.

**Notre over Army.\*** Staubach is well, and that is all news for the aging Cadets.

**Boston College over Holy Cross.** The curtain comes down hard on Dr. Eddie Anderson.

**Georgia Tech over Georgia.** The Bulldogs will just miss nipping Tech.

**Tennessee over Vanderbilt.** Vandy, however, will be volunteering no aid to the foe.

**Miami over Florida.** The Hurricanes are blowing up a late-season storm.

**Oklahoma over Oklahoma State.** National honors lost, the Sooners seek for state.

**New Mexico over Kansas State.** The strong Lobos will be shooting for the Sun Bowl.

**Cincinnati over Houston.** Cincy's Missouri Valley champs finish with a flourish.

**Raylor over Rice.** Air men, these days, generally beat the foot sloggers.

**TCU over SMU.** The only thing at stake here is the Dallas-Fort Worth championship.

**Arizona State over Arizona.** State's good backs will pierce Arizona's good defense.

\*National TV

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BY Taylor



## SPORTING LOOK

# *The sheepskin wheels to the front*

**A hit at the Innsbruck Olympics, a European cold-country coat finds favor with Americans**

Three European ski teams and a good percentage of the spectators at the Innsbruck Olympic Games last February endorsed the rugged warmth of the sheepskin coat (\$1,100 to \$1,500). Thus fall the sheepskin is covering a great many Americans as they make sporting rounds—from a quiet seat in the stadium to a lively seat on a hike. The qualities that have made sheepskin a favorite for European skiers also make it a practical new fashion for the cyclists photographed here. Not only are sheepskins wind-resistant and warm, but they are remarkably lightweight for their bulk. They also are virtually indestructible. Depending upon the quality of the skins and the tanning as well as the country it comes from, a sheepskin coat costs from \$70 to \$300, making it the least expensive "fur" on the market.

Like sheepskin coats, bicycles are zooming in popularity this fall. Sales for 1964 will total four and a half million—and not just to youngsters. The best-selling bikes are the lightweight, three-speed models designed for the pedal-pushing adult. The revival started in California (no sheepskins needed) and now has spread eastward. Americans are wheeling about on city streets and country lanes from Portland, Ore. to Portland, Me. In New York a cult of Sunday cyclists rents geared bikes from any one of a dozen places in and around Central Park, which has miles of bicycle paths. While competitive bicycle racers carry a bottle of sweetened tea strapped to their bikes to revive them, the New York cyclists have developed a more sociable habit. They gather at The Ginger Man, a new, friendly restaurant near the park, to assuage their thirst with beer or Bloody Marys—and nourish their spirits with omelets cooked by Cordon Bleu Chef Dione Lucas.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY BAKER

*Name:* Wilma (left) wears a belted hi Adolfo, an English sheepskin hi Highlander (\$170) with a poor-boy wool vester (\$12) and cycling knicker (\$20), both hi Gevi and Gevi.

Norma and Richard Flender (right) try out lightweight bikes rented from a nearby shop. Norma's sheepskin coat, embroidered in Polish folk-art patterns, is imported from Poland by Cepelia (\$93.50). The three-quarter sheepskin worn by Dick is towns brown. It's imported from England by Donhill Tailors (\$210).

The Patrick D'Neals and Ned McDavid start a Sunday bicycle excursion to the park with Nancy Wilson and Dick and Norma Flender. Cynthia D'Neal (left foreground) wears a sheepskin lip coat (\$200) with kidskin pants by Courreges (\$70), both from Samuel Rober. Swedish sheepskin (\$175) worn by Patrick D'Neal (center) is at Bloomingdale's. Ned McDavid's coat (right) is by MacDouglas of Paris for Abercrombie & Fitch (\$250).



## Duck shooting on Maine's icy ledges

The search for elder can be a miserable experience, but Ransom Kelley makes it comfortable and rewarding



KELLEY AND FRIEND TAKE THE "MAGNUM" OUT OF BOOTHBAY HARBOR

From June through Labor Day, Captain Ransom Pingree Kelley, resplendent in blue and white uniform and white officer's cap, sails out of Maine's Boothbay Harbor, Christmas Cove and Pemaquid Beach with boatloads of tourists in bathing suits and Bermuda shorts. His maxim for the tourists is casual: "I experience the sense and feel of a variety of water. . . . Leave when you like." But on a chilly November morning, with the thermometer at 10°, Ransom Kelley, duck guide, in rumpled wool shirt and pants, tentlike camouflage parka and fur-lined hat, backs the *Magnum II* out of her slip at a time that he likes—4:30 a.m.—and heads out of the harbor for the offshore ledges.

Kelley is Maine's biggest (6 feet, 275 pounds) and most erudite seabirder. Harvard-educated and a gunner ever since his first shot over live geese and duck decoys on Massachusetts' Duxbury Beach, Kelley happily relinquished Boston society when he was 20 and moved to Maine. In the 31 years since, he has sailed into every harbor on the Maine coast, raised crops and cattle, guided on Merrymeeting Bay, won the state skeet championship, married the attractive daughter of an old Maine market hunter and guide (it was kind of a shotgun wedding: they went duck shooting before

and after the ceremony), sold boats and finally settled into the excursion-boat business.

A huge man whose girth is exceeded only by his agility, Kelley is one of very few duck guides left who can scull a shallow-draft boat right into the middle of a raft of ducks in an open bay. He is also the only duck guide in New England who takes shooters out to the offshore ledges in a 60-foot excursion boat fitted out with bunks, heaters, a refrigerator full of steaks and enough duck decoys to fill a large dory.

Riding in the wake of the *Magnum II* on ice-caked towlines are a Boston Whaler and the *Canal Naw*, a 20-foot outboard-powered duck boat that looks more like the *Mosito* than a cleverly designed floating blind. Kelley steers through the gloom, looking at his charts and munching on a stale chocolate doughnut. Peg and Bess, his Labradors, snuggle up against him, wet noses quivering eyes trained on the doughnut.

"Afraid I'll have to leave you girls on board today," Kelley says to his dogs. "We'll pick up the birds with the motorboat. It'll be choppy out there, and I don't want you to be chasing diving cripples around all morning and get battered against the ledge by the waves."

Elders, Kelley explains, can carry off

enough shot to sink most ducks. Even when hit with a 12-gauge magnum load, well-placed, most elders require a second shot after they strike the water. Those that manage to dive before the finishing shot is fired lead dogs on a wild chase. Sometimes they even get help from seals. Not long ago, Kelley sent a dog after a crippled elder. "All of a sudden she was surrounded by 25 big seals. They herded her right back onto the ledge. Never bit her, but she sure was all tremble. Scared her half to death."

The elders—American and Northern—are the largest of the North American ducks, and the hardest. Long after other waterfowl have been driven down the Atlantic coast by freezing winds, snow and subzero temperatures, huge rafts of elders ride the heavy swells offshore, diving to 60 feet and deeper for blue mussels, snails and other mollusks and crustaceans which they grind up with powerful gizzards.

While most duck shooters snuggle deeper under the blankets, the Maine seabirder gets up at 4 a.m., drives his boat through swells that wash over the decks and turn them into sheets of ice, sets his trawl line of decoys, anchors in the lee of a ledge and covers his boat with rockweed. There, buffeted by the wind and soaked with freezing spray,



he suffers and waits for eiders to come in from the sea to feed. The more impetuous hunter may even ride the swells onto the ledge, cover up his boat and wedge himself into a cold, wet barrack-encrusted crevice. Not surprisingly, few duck shooters will subject themselves to such tortures, even for a daily bag limit of seven ducks. But with Kelley it is possible to "go eiderin'" not only in comfort but in real style.

In the first pink light of a chilly dawn a ledge called The Cuckolds looms to starboard. Kelley slides back a window in the pilothouse. "Look right to windward of that ledge," he says, pointing to a raft of perhaps 1,000 eiders bobbing in the chop. As the boat moves closer, the rearguard of eiders, snow-white and black drakes and drab, brown hens patters clumsily across the surface, their wings, set well astern on their bodies, revving up until finally they get up above the waves. The rest of the raft follows until they are all flying, a twisting string of ducks half a mile long. By the time the decoy trawl is set and the *Coward Noir* is anchored 35 yards away against the ledge, small flocks of eiders, flushed by lobster boats, begin to fly back in.

Inside the blind, Kelley toasts his feet in front of a kerosene lantern, sips a cup of tea and peers out over the high, hinged sides. A flock of 25 eiders banks into the wind and heads for the decoys. For a moment they are lost to view in the wave troughs. Then suddenly they gain altitude, pass over the decoys and hook around. Feet down and wings set, they glide in.

"Let them land," Kelley whispers. "They'll add some life to the decoys." The ducks skid in with a splash and immediately begin to dive for mussels. Then another flock swings in.

"Now," Kelley yells, pushing down the sides of the *Coward Noir*. West and up and shoot. Three eiders drop heavily into the decoys. "Reload," Kelley yells. Suddenly the water seems to erupt with ducks as the first flock zooms up from the bottom, bursting through the surface like Polaris missiles. Kelley fires two deliberate shots, and two white males drop.

"Two cripples," he says, reloading his automatic. "Clean them up."

Despite their gregarious nature, eiders become quickly educated to the sound of gunfire. Although they will invari-

continued

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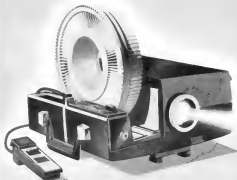
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## HUNTING

ably swing over a realistic set of decoys, they will not always drop into them, and much of the shooting will be at passing birds.

"Eiders look as big and as slow as balloons," says Kelley, "but they're deceiving. You start shooting and they ring down for more steam—they've got plenty in reserve. It can be a mighty humbling experience."

Expendng considerable ammunition, six or eight shooters can get their limits, often from the same ledge, by midmorning—if not through shooting skill, then by the sheer numbers of eiders swinging over their decoys. The eider shooter may also get some good shooting at eots or old squaws and on rare occasions at harlequins, as beautifully colored as the freshwater wood duck.

The morning's ledge gunning is only part of Ransom Kelley's unique operation. Atlantic Flyway shooters this year are allowed a daily bag limit of three diving or puddle ducks. With any luck at all, Kelley will take care of that by sculling shooters down on rafts of old squaws, wheelers, bluebills, buffleheads and black ducks on the inland estuaries, bays and tidal rivers. His scull, or sneak boat, is 16 feet long, 40 inches wide and so low to the water that when camouflaged with snow, marsh grass or rockweed it looks like nothing more than a chunk of flotsam moving along with the tide. The gunner lies on his back in the bow until Kelley yells for him to sit up and shoot. The first time he pops up, he very likely will freeze at the shock of hundreds of ducks jumping into the air all around him.

If Kelley finds this a rather irritating quality in a shooter, he has good reason. Wedged tightly in the stern compartment (often with Peg or flow squaming between his legs and whining softly at the smells and the gabbling of nearby ducks), Kelley is perspiring profusely. Two hours of sculling on a raft of ducks moving with the tide is not unusual, and more than once the ash oar has snapped in his hands from the strain of pushing more than 1,000 pounds of boat, men, dogs, guns and ammunition through the water.

"A good time to scull ducks," Kelley says, "is late in the fall when the inland waters are buttoned up. You scull up while they are feeding—during the last two hours of flood, when the advancing water melts the ice on the marsh, and the

(continued)



Summer Ho! Some tops come off the fishing holes by insurance partners in Ed Lee's Greenwich, R. I.

## "Life insurance can wait. My lure business can't!"

"But a MONY man outlined a 10-year program that would build cash for emergencies. I liked that!"



Source: Unpublished letter from Lee to Lee

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first two hours of the ebb, before the marsh freezes up again."

In heavier moments Kelley rigs his sneak boat with a canvas spray cover and sculls Canada geese offshore, hucking winds that sometimes hit 30 knots. "It's quite comical," Kelley says. "You spot the geese from the big boat, take a compass course on them and then play hide-and-seek in the waves. You are sculling like hell to reach them, and suddenly you are riding down the face of a wave and the geese are down in the trough of the same wave, looking right in at you. Then you try to shoot at them and watch the waves at the same time."

"Sculling," he warns, "is fast becoming a lost art, because today's bag limits are completely unrealistic. But they could be made realistic, if the price of the federal duck stamp was raised and the extra money used for more sanctuaries and stricter law enforcement to increase diving and puddle duck populations. With today's gunning pressure Canada can't produce enough ducks."

Sea ducks are doing much better. The worst threat to the nesting eiders on Maine's offshore islands is the black-backed gull, or minister bird. The minister pierces eider eggs and sucks out the embryos, and it kills a number of fledglings by plucking them right out of the air or beating them to death in the water with its wings. At one time the Fish and Wildlife Service successfully kept the minister population down by spraying their eggs with an oil solution, which clogged the breathing pores of the shells and killed the embryos inside. The gulls sat on the eggs until it was too late to renest. Unaccountably, the experiment was stopped in 1950, and the ministers are making a comeback.

But there are still more than enough eiders and other sea ducks, and biologists say they could stand greater gunning, thereby taking some of the pressure off other ducks which are overgunned. But while the frigid weather and the thought of having to endure it on an exposed rock ledge in the ocean turns many a shooter away, the sea duck's tough, fishy meat discourages others. "There's no way to cook sea birds," Kelley insists. "You can skin the breasts, soak them in water with salt and soda to get out the fishy odor and then saute them or use them in a stew." Or you can give them away, preferably to some innocent friend with a mild disposition.

END



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# THE LOST WORLDS OF DON PABLO

BY COLES PHINIZY

*Venerable leader of a most unusual exploring club, Mexico's Pablo Bush Romero has spent a lifetime probing jungle ruins, diving for archaeological treasures in sunken hulks and discovering such ancient underground relics as the Mayan altar on which he kneels at right*

CONTINUED



In recent years Don Pablo Jose Bush Romero, Mexico's distinguished diver, self-made scholar and restless millionaire-at-large, has lived much of the time in the past, picking at the carcasses of old ships and prowling through ruined cities and forgotten caves. It is possible that the prevailing gloom of these lost worlds is affecting Don Pablo, for recently, in the middle of a somber moment, he declared, "I am 58. It is time now for me to leave the herd and wander alone like an old hulk elephant."

When some of Don Pablo's close friends heard this, they laughed and jeered. Don Pablo Bush Romero has been wandering off for years, and the friends who have wandered with him know that Don Pablo will never be a loner. They know, furthermore, that Don Pablo could never travel anywhere with only one trunk and a couple of loose tusks, as an old elephant should. Wherever he goes, it is the nature of Don Pablo to mix, to become involved, to take on new projects and, in the process, to accumulate baggage that would stagger an elephant.

Four days after deciding to become a lonely old hulk, Don Pablo wandered away from Mexico City accompanied

by 70 friends (he had expected only 30). He led this latest masá exodus to the Mayan ruins and shipwrecks that lie along the half-wild Caribbean coast of Mexico. As often happens to those who wander with Don Pablo, the 70 who followed him this time returned home sunbaked, ram-soaked, mosquito-bitten, undernourished and happy. By the time Don Pablo himself came home, after 10 so-called carefree days, he had lost a few pounds and one tooth and had picked up, here and there, the following flotsam and excess baggage: the skull of a whale, 1,500 shotgun shells; three cannon balls, 80 diving tanks; a pineapple, a punch bowl, two hunting rifles, a model of Nelson's flagship *H.M.S. Victory*; a toy bowling set; four dozen 18th-century crucifixes and medallions; parts of a refrigerator and an outboard motor; a sea shell the size of a soap suds; a movie projector; two dolls, and three exquisite, foul-smelling fronds of black coral.

Don Pablo is not altogether sure how he came by the punch bowl or the outboard-motor parts. The other items in his baggage do fit, at least loosely, into the quiltwork of his life. Don Pablo is—or more correctly, was—a dedicated big-game hunter, and this accounts for the shells and rifles. The toy bowling set was a gift for his 5-year-old daughter, Annette, the dolls were for his 12-year-old granddaughter, Patsy. Some of the things Don Pablo brought back had been left behind by members of the party who returned to civilization before him. The whale skull, to name one such item, had been found on a beach by Dr. Eugene Clark, a charming American ichthyologist who collects such things the way other ladies collect hats. In the near future, when Don Pablo tries to ship the whale skull to Dr. Clark in the U.S., it will probably get bound up in red tape. Some customs clerk almost certainly will want to know the exact price paid for the skull, and so forth and so on. If this happens, Don Pablo will simply reroute the skull by way of a friend in Juarez, who will walk across the border carrying it in his arms. Although Don Pablo is a man of considerable means, there is in him a practical streak of peon cunning.

The bulk of Don Pablo's baggage on his last expedition—the diving tanks, the foul-smelling coral, the cannon balls, and the rest—is merely the heavy price any curious man is apt to pay when he takes up diving. Don Pablo is an unusual diver. He is one of the least competent and most important divers active today. When he goes below he often drifts aimlessly in the shallows, an indolent sea cow in a timeless world. Underwater he rarely does more than oversee the strenuous work of other divers or serve as their messenger boy. But his importance to the sport of diving, and to the various sciences that use diving as a tool, far exceeds his own ability, for Don Pablo was the founder and is the president of the Club de Exploraciones y Deportes Acuáticos de México, an organization well known to divers everywhere by its abbreviated name, CEDAM.

The men of CEDAM are most famous today for their labors in recovering old bones and artifacts from the bottom



*Don Pablo, avidist of exploring the mysterious deep, looks forth mysterious himself in front of a sea monster*



of a sacrificial well in the ancient Mayan city of Chichén Itzá. They have also received a big play in the press for the two patient months they spent picking through the cargo of *El Matamorero*, a Spanish merchant ship that foundered off the wild coast of Quintana Roo in 1742.

There is an aura of romance about all such projects, an aura that usually vanishes as soon as work begins. Anyone wanting to know what diving in the sacred well at Chichén Itzá was like can approximate the experience by lowering himself for a short while into a sewer (the bigger the sewer, the better. It was 85 feet from ground level to the water at Chichén Itzá, and 40 feet farther down in the turbid water to the history-rich mud).

CEDAM's search of the old ship, *El Matamorero*, defies simulation, although anyone who has tried to dig up a concrete sidewalk with a hairpin has a fair idea of the problem. The cargos of old ships often lie under loose sediment or in the tangled, porous structure of a living reef. But most of *El Matamorero*'s cargo lay solidly packed two inches to two feet deep in the cementlike calcareous accretion of a shallow, windward shoal. On an average workday on *El Matamorero*, 50 members of the CEDAM expedition worked above the surface supporting 15 or 20 divers who were swept to and fro in the surging water like hapless rag dolls as they picked carefully at the fragile objects embedded in the hard floor. Today, three years after the last serious work was done, the *Matamorero* wreck site—roughly 100 yards square—resembles a battlefield of crisscrossed trenches and shell holes; and still today, in the bottom of the hollows, bits of old jewelry, buttons, fragments of crucifixes, spoons and glassware are tossed fitfully back and forth by the surge.

Like most such artifacts, the bones, rubber dolls, rings, incense burners, bells and other Mayan offerings from the well of Chichén Itzá, and the thousands of crucifixes, medallions, spoons, buckles, cuff links, pins and needles from *El Matamorero* have answered some archaeological questions and provoked others. It was generally believed, for example, that the ritualistic Mayans threw teen-age maidens into their sacrificial wells, but it now appears that they were not at all choosy. To judge by the bones dredged up by CEDAM, the Mayans tossed in just about anybody.

There have been other expeditions as productive as any of CEDAM's, the excavation of the sunken city of Port Royal by Edwin Link, the National Geographic Society and the Smithsonian Institution being one that comes immediately to mind. There are many other countries, notably France and the U.S., where diving is more popular and technically farther along than in Mexico, but there is no diving organization any where to equal CEDAM. The Mexican club prevails because, since its inception by Don Pablo in 1958, it has stuck to the sensible idea that a diver is not an odd, exotic creature who should dwell apart, associating only with his fellow flippersmen. CEDAM is a large community that welcomes all manner of men. Less than a quarter of its 800 members have ever dived, even in a swimming



Off Coatzacoatl, Don Pablo (left) searches the wreck-ridden sea floor with CEDAM Diver Alfonso Arnold.

pool. Only about 100 of them could be called competent divers. The balance of them are archaeologists, biologists, mineralogists, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, doctors, bosses and clerks who have some interest in the past and the future of the sea. Because it has the divergent intellect to solve many problems on its own and because its work is done for the people of Mexico, CEDAM's credit in the scientific marketplace is good. When it needs help on an expedition it usually can get it from the Mexican navy, the Mexican National Institute of Anthropology and History, from the National Geographic Society and the Smithsonian Institution of the U.S. and from comparable European agencies that are curious about what goes on in the sea. In France and the U.S., sport divers and military and civilian research teams occasionally collaborate on undersea matters, but usually only when each breed has some immediate profit to realize. And even then, the teamwork is often of a low order, the *esprit de corps* about what you find in a cageful of weasels.

All diving expeditions are beset by demons. The water may suddenly become murky when there are no heavy seas to make it so. Heavy seas sometimes build up when there is no distant storm to build them. For no good reason,

*continued*

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DON PABLO *continued*

compressors fail, air hoses break, marker buoys disappear. Anchors get up and walk around on the bottom. Tempests flare, the hickering begins.

Considering their volatility, no ethnologist would pick Mexicans as the civilized tribe most likely to live in peace through all the disappointments of a diving expedition. But under the leadership of Don Pablo, a man of remarkable control and poise, the members of CFDM have learned to live with disaster, calmly reconciled to the fact that anything that can possibly go wrong on a diving expedition sooner or later will. Don Pablo is not the dynamic sort who mounts the barricade waving the flag of the republic to dispel demons. His policy is to carry on in spite of them. At the start of the 550,000 *Minutero* expedition, the C-82 cargo plane bringing most of the diving and salvage equipment crashed. The crew barely escaped before the gas tanks exploded, destroying all the equipment. When Don Pablo heard the news, he said, "No one was killed. So nothing has happened. It means harder work, that is all."

On all his wanderings in the past Don Pablo has maintained a casualness and candor that would have distressed that old romantic gypsy, Richard Halliburton, no end. In Don Pablo's written accounts of African safaris and hunts in India and North America there is little soul-searching, deeper meaning or other literary fluff. Whether he is writing about stepping an enraged monster in its tracks or merely describing the unwholesome way Calcutta waiters pick their noses while serving food, Don Pablo does not embellish but simply presents the facts. Although he usually hews to the line in his journals, in writing of one trek through the serene walds of Mexico he felt obliged to stray long enough to bring the reader up to date about one of his companions, Carlos Rubio. In a footnote Don Pablo remarked: "Carlos Rubio was killed in ambush by landjumpers shortly after this was written. He saved Pepe Villanueva by placing himself in front of Pepe and taking 20 impacts." After staying a while in the African village of Bukoba on the edge of Lake Victoria, Don Pablo reported with postcard mail-

*continued*



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coral that he brought back to Mexico City were the first ever taken by divers from the Caribbean coast, and, as a result, a syndicate has petitioned the Mexican government for the right to exploit this find and manufacture jewelry to boost the tourist business on the resort island of Cozumel.

Anyone—of any nationality—who is interested in collaborating with CEDAM in its exploitation of the sea is welcome, provided he is willing to work and expects nothing in return except moral satisfaction. All of CEDAM's discoveries, however important or trivial, belong to the people of Mexico. This is more than a matter of noble principle; in Mexico, it is the law. Sixty years ago, when foreign archaeologists operated in Mexico on a finders-keepers basis, an American consul named Edward Thompson dredged a sacred Mayan well at Chichén Itzá and shipped a spectacular haul of artifacts out of Mexico via the con-

sular pouch. Although Mexicans were irate and the legal battle lasted long, the Mexican Supreme Court eventually decided in Thompson's favor. He had certainly acted like an ugly American, but he had violated no law. Shortly thereafter the Mexican government passed a law forbidding the wanton export of archaeological wealth.

In 1957, a year before CEDAM was founded, another American, Bob Marx, began poking into the old wrecks sunk off the Mexican coast. Marx was a conscientious and scholarly worker, not a careless plunderer, but in view of the law enacted after the Thompson affair, he was still a freebooter, and the Mexican police landed on him. In the end, when CEDAM was authorized by the Mexican government to explore the wreck of *El Matancero*, Marx and about a dozen other U.S. explorers worked with them.

In the Mayan wilderness of Yucatan

and the roadless coast of Quintana Roo, in forgotten caves and sealed-up temple vaults, in coralline ledges and the deep twilight of its sea, there is still more history and wealth than a regiment of scholars could dig up in a decade. Recently, while discussing the future during lunch with the U.S. Navy's diving pioneer, Captain George Bond, Don Pablo asked, "Am I not right that this is a momentous time in history? A fantastic era for us? I am perhaps the strongest exponent of the sea in Mexico, but then I am only a Mexican trying to speak English. In this world, those of us in CEDAM are not very important, but we have faith in a new world and the work ahead." As he spoke, Don Pablo lost some of his matter-of-factness and most of his pose. In his excitement he almost knocked a plate off the table. Embroiled for a moment in the future, he forgot entirely that he was an old hull ready to quit the herd.

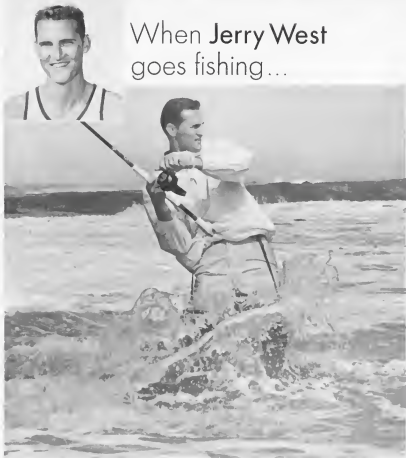
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JAPANESE PLAYERS WERE GIVEN TIPS BY STARS LIKE ARNOLD GALIFFA, FORMER ARMY QUARTERBACK

## *The Rising Sun of Football in Japan*

**An American teacher (to his own surprise) brought the honorable T formation to some collegians in Tokyo by ARTHUR MYERS**

**T**he Japanese have a way with American games that is all too scrutable; they are very good at them. They took over baseball as though it were a colony and they go at American-style football with a zeal that might be considered excessive at Notre Dame. Football is played at 19 Japanese colleges. The players may lack the beef of U.S. collegians but they make up for it in style and—it is the only word—ceremony.

An important part of the missionary work for football in Japan was done by an American teacher named Donald T. Oakes. It still surprises him, for that was not the kind of missionary he set out to be. He is now the principal of a private school in Lenox, Mass. In 1949, shortly after graduation

from the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., he went to Japan. Within a few months he found himself the most celebrated football coach in the country.

In some three years his teams at St. Paul's University in Tokyo won 34 games, lost three and tied one. Oakes was delighted and baffled. He was no ace: during his own football career at Dartmouth he played in only one spring game, as a dropkick, of all things, and never even got a letter. The newly graduated Mr. Oakes had signed on for a teaching tour at St. Paul's, which was founded by the American Episcopal Church early this century, although it is now independent. He was supposed to teach American history and be assistant baseball coach. He grew up in Teaneck, N.J., and had once played semipro baseball in neighboring Tenafly.

But the school had no need for a baseball coach. Oakes recalls: "They had a staff of Japanese coaches who knew more about the sport than I ever would. So I withdrew from baseball with their very polite acceptance, and prepared to devote myself entirely to teaching."

One day, a month after he arrived, a group of about 15 students knocked on his door. Two boys, Nisei from America's Far West who had been stranded by the war while visiting in Japan and who

*continued*

spoke fluent English, informed Oakes that this was the St. Paul's football team and that they would be most honored if he would be their coach.

"But I don't know anything about football," Oakes protested. "I just know how to dropkick a little."

"Oh that's all right," they told him. "No matter how little football you know, you know more about it than we do."

American football had been started in Japan on the campus of St. Paul's in the early '30s by a teacher named Paul Rutch, who is reputed to be one of the models for the title character of the best-seller, *The Ugly American*. (The Ugly American is really quite a nice fellow in the book, a sort of good example for Yanks abroad.) The game caught on, and before long several colleges had teams. St. Paul's—its Japanese name is Rikkyo University, which translates as "The University of Upright Education"—was in a league called the Roku-Daigaku, a rough equivalent of our Ivy League.

With World War II all things that smacked of America were suppressed, except baseball, which was too popular. But as soon as the war was over, the alumni of the various universities wanted football again. The St. Paul's team, aided by its alumni, cleared and leveled a field with picks and shovels. They filled in bomb holes and cleared rubble. Their equipment was prewar stuff that had been hidden away in closets. The old leather helmets were so soft you could push your fingers into them. No one had any hip pads, and only three members of the squad had football shoes; the rest played in sneakers.

Oakes figured that anyone who wanted to play football that much deserved what little help he could give them. He wrote to a friend in the States to send him some books on how to be a football coach and plunged ahead. For the two games remaining in the season he let the team continue with the formations it had been using, which were as antiquated as the equipment.

"The games that year," Oakes said recently, "were played at Shiba Park—which means "Grass Park"—on which there was not a blade of grass, only clay and gravel. My first bit of coaching advice, at half time, was when I observed they were tackling too high. The captain of the team said, 'Coach, what you don't understand is that if we tackle high we

fall on the runner; if we tackle low he falls on us.'"

The only innovation of that first season was a fake quick-kick—a fairly elementary ploy. But with it St. Paul's nosed out Meiji University by one point. When Oakes won his second game with hitherto hapless St. Paul's, he was considered the greatest coach in Japanese football, or a reasonable facsimile. As a result, he was asked to coach the Eastern All-Stars. The all-star games, East against West (Japan is essentially an east-west country rather than north-south), featured the best players of the two Japanese college football leagues. They were played in Meiji Park during the New Year's holidays and were called Rice Bowl games.

#### Magic by association

Oakes has no illusions about his rapid rise to glory. "They chose me to coach an all-star team because I was the only American coaching in the sport. They felt that because the Americans had won the war they couldn't lose in anything. This thought was very quickly dispelled in the first Rice Bowl game I coached. We were clobbered about four touchdowns to one. The glow was rubbed off. But it was good for my team, because they now realized they weren't going to win just because I set foot on the field."

During the first season the games drew about 50 people, and some of them were ringers. In Japanese universities they have what is known as the cheering party. A sizable portion of the student body goes out for this, and elects its own head, who assigns members to all college events, from athletics to debating and dramatics. The status of any activity is indicated by the number of the cheering party assigned. The ultimate is if you get the band. During that first year Oakes's footballers got about five members of the cheering party and a couple of trumpets, a practical brush-off.

At the conclusion of the game the team would stand in a row in front of its own section of the stands. The Alma Mater was sung and if the team won, the players stood proudly, helmets in hand. If they lost, they hung their heads in ceremonious abasement.

At the end of the season the team traditionally had two parties, one a tea party, the other a drinking party. The tea party was ultragenteel. Everybody made complimentary speeches. The captain gave his accounting of the season,

graciously acceding the coach full credit if it were a winning season and taking the blame himself if it were not. But the drinking party was something else again, somewhat like an American office Christmas party on a samurai scale.

The team did not drink during the season. They were under rigid discipline, not only physical, but in relationships. Japanese have what Americans would consider an exaggerated respect for authority. All Japan was set up on a seniority basis. When a squad came out to its first practice, the seniors chose their positions, then the juniors and so on. A sophomore or freshman could be great, but he would not get a starting position unless there was something left over.

Oakes recalls that once during a game an official waived a first down for the opposing team. The coach asked his captain to request a measurement, a thing unheard of in Japanese football; the officials themselves called for any measurements that were to be made. When the measurement was made, it turned out the ball was a foot short of the first down. So the official moved the ball a foot ahead and signaled a first down anyway. Authority had to be upheld.

But the drinking party was the safety valve. Japanese custom has it that when a person is drunk he is not accountable, and on this one night of the year anybody could tell off anybody else, and usually did, from the exalted coach and captain on down to the guy who held the starting position that you substituted at.

"My theory," Oakes said, "is that in Japan you find the *reductio ad absurdum* of American life. All the things we do and never admit, they do and have it organized. An example would be this drinking hit. We would say, 'Charlie didn't know what he was saying at the party.' In Japan it is planned that way."

"The colleges recruit athletes openly and systematically. They have tryouts before a person takes his entrance examination. The team captain then gives a list of the examination numbers in which he is interested to the director of athletics. Once admitted, the boy belongs to the football team, or whatever team recruited him. Then they start trading between the teams.

"One boy, who was tall and thin, had been drafted by the volleyball team, but once they got him they felt he wouldn't be quick enough. So they offered me an even trade. I took him, and he became an

All-Japan tackle and captain of the team in his senior year.

"Once, while scouting a high school touch football team, I saw one of the fattest Japanese boys I'd ever seen. He stood about 5 feet 6 and weighed more than 200 pounds. He was built like a sumo wrestler. In touch football they made a fool of him, so I passed him up as a recruit. But when I called the first practice next season who shows up but this fat boy. The sumo team came over and brought two perfect physical specimens, each about 175 pounds. They offered them for our new fat member. They talked it over with our captain and the trade was set. But the boy came to me with tears rolling down his cheeks. He said that all his life people had been trying to make a sumo wrestler out of him, but he didn't want to be a sumo wrestler—he wanted to play football. He was so wound up about all this that I canceled the deal. That year we went into a five-four defense. I made this boy middle guard and played him only on defense. In two years I never saw this boy on the ground. He'd stand up in a sumo stance—I never saw his feet move—and he'd just bounce people off, reach out and grab the ballcarrier. I never saw a grass stain on his uniform."

Eligibility rules in Japanese universities are strange by American standards. In Oakes's time freshmen could play—and so could alumni. Kyoto University found it difficult to field a team, so by special dispensation this team could use alumni. Also, Japanese universities are composed of various colleges, such as the College of Economics, the College of Literature and so on. When a student finishes four years at one college he can keep right on in another if he chooses, and continue to play football. Oakes recalls one distinguished-looking gentleman in his 40s who was still playing for Hosen University. He was wealthy and just kept on taking courses, and playing football. He was the elder statesman of the first Eastern All-Star team Oakes coached.

Oakes was slightly disconcerted when at the first practice this man, a halfback, rode up to the field in a chauffeur-driven car. In the locker room the chauffeur helped him undress and suit up. When he took a shower the chauffeur would be there with a towel. The chauffeur did everything but run out and pick him up when he got knocked down.

During the long winter after his Rice Bowl fiasco, Oakes studiously applied himself to the books his Stateside friend had sent him on football. He was particularly taken with one by Frank Leahy on the Notre Dame T. Up to this time St. Paul's had been using an A formation and a single wing. But the T, Oakes felt, was ideal for his Japanese, with their light weight—they averaged about 145 pounds. The formations they had been using required strength. A block had to be held while the ballcarrier ran through a hole. But the T was predicated on quick reflexes, so the runner could get to the hole faster.

"Japanese are not fast," Oakes remarked, "they're quick. They have short legs and get off to incredibly quick starts, but in the long run their speed isn't maintained. The T suited our personnel. So I introduced the T formation as outlined in Leahy's book."

The team won a spring game, but the regular season that fall of 1950 was a mediocre one. They won two, lost two and tied one.

"By this time," said Oakes, "the bloom was certainly off the rose." He was not asked to coach the Eastern All-Stars. And yet, the American-style training was paying off. After that season none of his teams lost another game. The following fall St. Paul's won all its games and the national championship. Oakes was reinstated as coach of the Eastern All-Stars and won the Rice Bowl championship, and he did the same thing the following year.

By this time the football team's audience had grown from that original huddle of 50 to crowds of 20,000 and upward. They got a huge hunk of the cheering party, plus that consummate glory, the band. In fact, this resurgence of American football had reached such proportions that it came to the attention of U.S. Occupation authorities, in the person of one Al Dearing, a major in the psychological warfare division but in civilian life a New York public-relations man.

In the spring, the world over, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love and/or riot. In America, it is purely rands. In Japan a good anti-American riot always makes everybody feel better. Dearing, thinking every minute, saw a way to head off this traditional spring revelry.

"Dearing," Oakes said, "had a vision of a big Japanese-American football

continued



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game, to be played in Kyoto. He figured it would be a great demonstration of good feeling. It would show that Japanese and Americans could knock heads together and then throw their arms around each other and walk off the field."

Dearing had in mind an all-Japanese team against a gaggle of American college stars who were playing in Japan on U.S. Army teams. The occasion was to be called the First Annual Kyoto Bowl Game—although it turned out to be the only one.

An artist in his field, Dearing conned the mayor of Kyoto into sponsoring the game and Oakes into coaching the Japanese team. It took a little doing to get Oakes down to Kyoto, all expenses paid, but the armed forces came to the rescue. Oakes had done a hitch in the Navy during the war, and he was taken back on active duty as an ensign and assigned to Kyoto. But he made a condition. "We won't play against American college players," he told Dearing. "The weight difference is too great." His idea was to play an all-star team from the occupation forces high schools in Japan. O.K., said Dearing. Oakes organized his team, and they entrained for Kyoto. A band met them at the station. There were reporters, radio interviews, the mayor gave them the key to the city. Dearing had posters put up all over. He had arranged for hot dogs to add an authentic American touch. Bands and marching formations were waiting in the wings.

But Dearing had neglected to do one thing. He had forgotten to clear all this with the superintendent of the American high schools in Japan. When that gentleman learned what the American school coaches had agreed to, he vetoed the whole show.

"There we were in Kyoto," Oakes said, "with no team to play."

"We'll have to get an Army team," Dearing said desperately. He took Oakes to the colonel in command of the Kyoto area. The colonel was unhappy, but this thing was bigger than all of them. "O.K.," the colonel said reluctantly, "I'll get you an Army team."

"Agreed," Oakes said, "but nobody over 190 pounds." (The average weight of Japanese college players is 160 pounds.)

Four days before the game, he was given the roster of the opposing team.

He flipped. It seemed as if everybody on the list weighed 190. He called his team together in the locker room and made a speech. The circumstances of the game had changed, he told them. They had in effect been brought down to Kyoto under false pretenses, they were not going to play a high school team, but full-grown Americans.

"I think now is the time," Oakes told them. "for anyone who does not want to participate to withdraw. This would not be an act of cowardice. You will be up against much bigger people, and you stand a risk of injury. But we have only four days to get ready and I need to know who's with me."

There was a silence that seemed to Oakes to last two minutes. Then from the back row, the smallest man on the squad, a quarterback named Nomura, shouted, "Banzai!" The entire team took up the shout, and the *hanzas* shivered the rafters. Nobody walked out.

The game went on as scheduled. People came in buses from all over western Japan. The stadium was filled to capacity. The teams howled to each other. The American national anthem was played. The Japanese national anthem was played. It even snowed—the final American touch.

Oakes's team played as though the glory of the New Japan rested on its shoulders. With three minutes to go, the American team led, but only by two points, 14-12. Oakes's star halfback, a boy named Nakazawa, had played the whole game. He got hit hard by a pair of

big American linemen and the quarterback sent him out of the game, punchy. He staggered to the bench, in a daze. Oakes was preoccupied with the game, but after a moment he turned to Nakazawa. He started to say, "Nakazawa, *dee dees ka!*" which means, "How are you?" All he got out of his mouth was, "Nakazawa." The boy thought he was getting the nod. He grabbed up his helmet and ran out onto the field before anyone could stop him, and his replacement came out.

According to plan, the quarterback, Nomura, had been sending the ballcarriers into the middle of the line throughout the game, since the Japanese were not big enough to hold the type of block necessary for end runs against such a heavy opponent. Nomura had a sudden inspiration. He faked a back into the center of the line and poched out to the groggy Nakazawa. It caught the Americans completely napping. On animal instinct, Nakazawa went around end and scored from the 20-yard line. The game ended a minute later with what seemed a miraculous Japanese victory, 18-14. The crowd sat stunned, and the sportswriters had to rewrite their stories.

The banquet that night was an orgy of Japanese-American friendship, but the occasion Oakes will never forget is a surprise party that was thrown for him when he finished his teaching stint the following summer and was preparing to return to the States. He was lured to a hotel dining room, and found it filled with every boy he had coached during his three and a half seasons. Not one was missing. One had flown up from Okinawa, and two came down from Hokkaido, the northern island.

At the party the little quarterback, Nomura, said to Oakes: "I have been thinking why we have been successful. The other teams used roughly the same plays. They had good coaches and good players. I think we won because we had different relationships than the others. We learned that it is not a crime to question authority if we think it is wrong. We came around to thinking that the best man for each position should play, even if he does not have the seniority. We learned that it is not a thing of weakness to withdraw if we are injured, that it is for the good of the team."

And he shook Oakes's hands, tears in his eyes. "I hope," he said, "that these things carry over into our lives." **END**



DONALD T. OAKES IS STILL SURPRISED



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## PLUGGING THE DRAIN

Sirs:

Your article, *America down the Drain* by Robert H. Boyle (Nos. 16), should by law or Constitutional amendment be required reading, rereading and digesting by the President, all members of his Cabinet, all Congressmen, state governors, state representatives and all other political officeholders ad infinitum.

ROBERT T. HANLEY

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

Don't be too sure we've lost the fight in behalf of all Americans to preserve significant sectors of their Indiana Dunes and Lake Michigan shoreline heritage. Mr. Boyle is right when he says that a steel company (the Bethlehem Steel Co., to spare the more public-spirited firms from possible misidentification) has ripped the guts out of the very best, but much remains that can still escape the exploiters and speculators.

Conservationists have hammered at the wreckers and praised the thoughtful politicians as vigorously on this issue that many antipark candidates were busted at the polls this November. Even House Minority Leader Charlie Halleck, a dedicated foe of anything but smokestacks in the dunes area, squeezed through his gerrymandered Second District by a relative whisker.

Mr. Boyle might have noted that Congressman Halleck, who was nabbed a couple of years ago for blasting doves over a bottled field, stands a first-rate chance of being dumped from his Olympian perch by sober-minded 20th-century Republicans.

LEONARD I. DUSTIN

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

Since Congress failed to take action to protect a smaller unit of the National Park System, Rainbow Bridge, from being flooded by the rising waters behind Glen Canyon Dam, it is particularly upsetting to see another unit of the National Park System (Reclaman Canyon) go under the Bureau of Reclamation's ax. If this precedent is allowed to stand, no unit of the National Park System will be safe.

FRED T. DAKVILL, M.D.

Monte Vernon, Wash.

Sirs:

If technological progress has "improved" our cities and its countryside as Mr. Boyle says, it has also promoted efficiency in living. If the fisherman has been deprived of his trout stream, the motorist has been blessed

with better roads for transportation. If Mr. Boyle recognizes and accepts this paradox of progress, he will certainly agree with the words of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who stated in his second inaugural address of 1937: "The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much, it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little."

RICHARD H. SPRO

Glencoe, Ill.

Sirs:

To Boyle's list of doomed glories, I must gloomily add the wonder spot of the Sierras, Emerald Bay. This most exquisite sight, a glacial lagoon that forms part of the California shore of Lake Tahoe, is about to be "improved" by means of a multilaned bridge slung across its natural entrance to the lake. Ignoring the pleas of local residents, naturalists, campers and other troublesome characters, some nameless highway men with a surplus of cash have decreed that, like it or not, they shall have an expressway there, and if it happens to slice through the one state park with a lakelike view (it does), well, that's just too bad, but Progress hath her price.

New York City

JULIE OBER

Sirs:

Let your readers imagine that everyone in Connecticut is conservation-minded, it should be mentioned that the highway commissioner aims to grab 35 acres of New Haven's noted East Rock Park for a spin so four-lane Interstate Route 91, thereby destroying marshland wildlife and rechanneling the meandering Mill River between concrete embankments.

VERGENE AND IRVING FINER

Hamden, Conn.

Sirs:

During the middle of 1961 when we were trying to save Diamond Head from apartment buildings, I was asked to give a talk to the Consolidated Conservation Society of Hawaii. This organization was composed of the Audubon Society, which was trying to save the beautiful Hawaiian silt from extinction, the Hawaiian Trail Hikers, fishermen, botanists and various other nature lovers. Many dedicated, decent, gentle people attended, but there were no captains of industry, prominent intellectuals, artists, politicians or writers present. I believe that it is the intellectual elite of America who have failed us in these matters. They don't want to be bothered with conservation,

They don't, it seems, want to be bothered with anything that demands action.

DEBORAH MILLER

San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

Like so many conservation pieces, Mr. Boyle's argues the momentary use of the individual but gives him nothing specific to do in his own community. Here are a few suggestions.

- 1) Get a few friends and form a simple committee to look after your community.
- 2) Put together a list of everyone who does bulldozing and clears land in your area (you can get it right from the Yellow Pages).
- 3) Put together a simple system to check every building permit issued by your community (these are open to public review).
- 4) Inspect the land to be built on.
- 5) Contact the owner in a pleasant way, meet with him and work with him as save as much of the natural beauty as possible.

ROBERT W. WILKINSON

Columbia, N.J.

## SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

Congratulations to Sil on successfully second-guessing yourselves by ranking Notre Dame as No. 1 in the Midwest and then proceeding to pick intonked Michigan State to beat us.

Now that you have seen the error of your ways and the might of the Fighting Irish, the only way to atone for this mistake is to acclaim Ara Parseghian as your Sportsman of the Year.

RICHARD WYNNE

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

With the faint hope that I might be able to discourage you from choosing some such stellar athlete as Branch Rickey or Stephen F. Austin, I suggest the one athlete who currently dominates his sport as does no other: the Boston Celtics' Bill Russell.

RONALD L. BAUER

Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:

In my opinion there is only one person who should receive the Sportsman of the Year award. That person is Don Schollander.

WILLIAM CONRAD

Mercedburg, Pa.

Sirs:

I nominate Brooks Robinson.

DENNIS WOODHEAD

Elmhurst, Ill.





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## 10TH HOLE continued

### THAT GAME

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Tex Maule on an outstanding contribution to football (*The Ball Game That Nier War*, Nov. 16). Think of the injuries, training and wear and tear on coaches, players, fans, officials and even broadcasters that he has eliminated by playing the AFL-NFL game on paper! Instead of a few thousand people being able to view the game, millions can read about it for 35¢, much more democratic!

Thanks to Maule, we not only know the champions of both leagues, but the victor of a game one league won't agree to play! Clearly he is the kind of genius we need to clear up football. If he's not too busy maybe next week he could take pen to paper and save us the trouble of playing the 1965 season and spare us all that nasty battle to sign new players that he predicted.

MRS. RANDI PHIL MARKS

Buffalo

Sirs:

Otto Graham, who knows football far better than Tex Maule, contends that the AFL champion could play even with the NFL standout. And it was Otto Graham who quarterbacked the Cleveland Browns from the ephemeral All America Conference into years of domination in the paternal NFL. I believe Otto Graham.

TOM LIPS

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

Maule has overlooked a couple of facts. First, a 48-7 Baltimore victory over Buffalo would be no worse than the Colts' lopsided slaughters of Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco or anyone else. Second, it takes a defensive line to go with a defensive secondary. Who does Baltimore have that compares to Tom Sevak, Jim Dunaway, Ron McDole and Tom Day? And how many points did Houston score when Blanda completed 37 of 68 passes against the Bills? Only 10.

CHRISTIAN L. KRAATZ

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

Grateful cheers for Tex Maule. His article was welcome reading in a diet of provincial nonsense doled out to credulous citizenry by an absurdly partisan local radio and press.

JOHN PAUL DAVIS JR.

Buffalo

Sirs:

Hats off to Tex Maule for his very cogent arguments against an AFL-NFL game at this time. Supporters of the AFL are letting impetuosity cloud their reason.

LARRY R. MIDDINGS

Burbank, Calif.

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